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OUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1909. VOL. LXXIV, NO. 50.

The LAND-RUBBERS

BY GERTRUDE KING

RIGHT, 1909, BY DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

sobbing weakly, I began to yself in order, to fasten up my and straighten my draggled cloth- ick was muttering again; I could ear my own name, and the ry in his broken voice goaded me to self-control. I dried my eyes se, my pulses throbbing hard ently once more.

had not taken two steps toward when she rounded on me. "I you keep away from him." I e her face only as a wan blur dark, but her voice was hard her deep, tense hate of us.

told you," I replied, "that I was ing below—at least, not till I what you are going to do."

am not going to do anything," she with a dry laugh. "And I'm ing to let you do anything. You are just going to wait—a—and see him die!"

ried out. Not with fear now—I it in a flash of the heavy, vel- ad drawer in the saloon—but e cries out at the sudden sight venomous thing coiled in the

ou're not going to touch him or r him," she went on in the same hard voice. "I will give you g but the satisfaction he would re me—you can just see him die murderer—the murderer!"

my poor Lick, how long I had it to him"—and for this!

e is not a murderer!" I cried. did not kill Mr. Fenneck. I—I him—I myself. I did not mean e revolver went off somehow— Dick took the blame——"

e had seized my arm again, but clasp was feeble and her hands k. "Say that again!" she whis- "He did not kill James Fen- —he did not?"

e did not kill Mr. Fenneck," I ted. "He is as innocent as you —"

e was sobbing wildly against me, her crossed arms; "Oh, my God! y God!" she whispered over and again, and more and more softly, s like watching at a death-bed in the dark to see how the load ft her at last and left her hu- But Dick called me again, and nched myself free and went and beside him and did what I to make him easier.

knew me, as a dreaming child know the touch of his mother— st, with my hand in his he was r and did not call to me. It a great comfort to think, as I sat e him, in the dark and the si- that he had been spared the torm, and would wake to peace ast.

did not know how long I sat nor how long we were alone— uld not, indeed, have known that ere alone at all, but that the of a lantern flashed along the and I knew that Mrs. Gately have brought it from below. She down where its light could not upon Dick's face, and came and over us.

on't you let me stay with him e, while you go and get some You must be tired to death." spoke in the commonplace, low- voice of the sick-room; no one had overheard would have imag- that an hour ago this woman and been struggling together in the of the cave-dwellers.

h, no; thank you. I'm not tired." hesitated. "I assure you, you trust me, Miss Harding," she said "I can't—talk about it—just but, believe me, he's safe."

am sure of it," I answered. "But very ill, you see; I can't leave

se," said she, "I understand, but may be something I can do— let me stay?"

stayed. To my surprise she was useful; she suggested a number le devices and simple remedies, helped me in the use of them. d morning Dick became quiet- d then I began to feel how ut- worn out I was. I could not but she made me lie down on eck, and we talked for a long in low tones, with long pauses trange flashes of intimacy. The between us was, I could see, an greater relief to her weary soul it was to mine. In her talk she d herself a pitiful, drifting crea- more helpless and pleasure- than vile, with a conscience less ful for restraint than for the on of queer, tiresome penalties, , for instance, been, in the cant e, "up to her" to avenge Fen- s death; it was part of her ideal alty to the man who would have her an unstained name. I am belief that had her cupidity not the besotted Fenneck to forage in state room that fatal day, she d have made him a very good

d another queer thing came to —I think it was a relief to her to care to hide it—a thing that ed everything, explained every- She loved Dick. It was a turn that betrayed it. "You warned against me, Miss you remember," she tely reminded me, "that don't you remember?—when he— Darragh, met me coming from room. Do you know that I was ? And it wasn't so much that were warned, but that he'd done always liked him so. I think," added softly, "that he is the best I ever knew."

the moment what wonderfully rted me, but for her upon that ted ship, was that she used the et tense when she spoke of Dick. as we talked, and as she, as such an will, eased herself by mere and comradeship, the weight the cast off settled upon me, never ave me till my dying day. She ated nearly to the death, and now s lightened of it; but I, though hated, had with my own hand a man. I had not struck, nor wished to strike, but he was and but for me, perhaps, he had ed. I have had, in these last few more happiness than most wo- and I look for more to come; but as the ladies of antique Rome about their pulses a little lake olness in the summer heat, so I, heat of passion and the sunlight joy, have felt the cold of my serpent—that James Fenneck lay dead, in the sea, and that but for me he had not died.

The next day we were the more anxious for Dick, and the next day still more anxious, for the weather drew steadily hotter, and he more restless and more weak. We knew that we must be moving, for the sea-wrack was at last out of sight, but the sea was oil, and there was not a breath of air. We ate and slept upon the deck, for the hold was unbearable, and what journeys below we made for supplies we paid for in sickness and headache.

These same supplies were now close to their lowest. Bottled waters we had still, but everything else was of a tame and uninviting sort—the dregs of an ill-chosen stock of tinned goods. There was little we cared to give Dick save condensed milk diluted with vichy, or a little brandy. But it was not the food he lacked that weakened him so much as the sultry heat of that blistering deck. What would I not have given for a bit of ice no bigger than a billiard ball! I even prayed, like a child, for a miracle, but, except that I did not go mad with despair, there was no miracle. My thoughts did not now range so far as a rescue, even though we were in the path of ships; I longed only for a few weeks more of drifting on that crazy hulk, of confinement, privation, exile—but with Dick, Dick, brave, confident, joyous, full of life; Dick, patient, tender, foolish with love of me; even Dick mad with his first madness, weak, uncontrolled, well-nigh despicable in the minds of men—so only he would sometimes look into my face with seeing eyes, speak to me with words meant for my ears.

The thought that I might have to lay him in the sea that already held Fenneck and Champion I kept from me by I know not what means. It was a thing that simply could not be thought, a thing unbelievable, absurd. Or if it were a thing that could happen, then it should happen to me, too.

Toward the afternoon of the third day of his illness the sky was like a bowl of molten silver, and down in the southwest lay a smudge, a little, narrow smudge, which set itself to creep and broaden almost as we looked.

"There's going to be trouble," said Mrs. Gately. "We would better be getting ready for it. We can't let him lie here much longer." Even as she spoke there came a hot puff of wind, like a breath from a furnace mouth, and carried away the rug I had spread to shelter Dick from the heat, whipping it sulkily out to sea, so that the sun glared brazenly down upon his flushed face. He jerked his head about and protested weakly, incoherently. He could not understand, nor move himself, so we carried him, she at his head, I at his knees, first into the shadow of the cabin, and then, as the wind rose, into the cabin itself, over the stair. Here, on the landing, we brought what few belongings we had upon the deck—it was as far into the ship as we cared to go, and even here, with the door open, there rose puffs of evily tainted air from the hold.

"Look there!" said Mrs. Gately, as we arranged Dick's pillows. "We weren't any too quick, were we?"

The smudge had spread like an outblown trail of smoke, only instead of paling, it had darkened, and had already shut out the sun, leaving only a livid light to force its way over its upped edge and gleam in sinister fashion upon the gray, heaving water. Down on the horizon the lightning had begu to play, and a strange murmur rose and swelled into a muffled roar.

The ship began to quiver and sway uneasily like a frightened animal. The roar grew nearer, became a shriek, and, creaking and straining in all her length, the ship heeled over to port, down, down, down, so that Dick's limp body crumpled and slipped, and I, clutching him to save him from a fall down the stair, found myself slipping and sliding against him. After a long, long time, it seemed, we righted, only to be flung, all together, to the other side of the boat, and to see all the varied wreckage of the boat go whirling overboard in the wind that was now shrieking in our battered masts and tangled rigging.

The storm was upon us. The rain fell in torrents, washing by in swirls to flood the lee scuppers nearly knee-deep, and the wind helped by tearing great masses of water from the crests of the waves and flinging them broadcast over us as if they had been solid missiles. We bound Dick fast to the stair-rail with ropes, so that he might not be hurled down from the landing, and then we tried to close the door before we were quite drenched through, but we struggled with it in vain till a lurch of the ship helped us, and banged it to. The next minute the wind flung it open again, and a surge of green water rose, peering at us over the rail, and flung itself upon us with a hiss and a splash, and, soaking us to the skin, rushed down the stair, carrying with it everything but our three sodden helpless selves.

The rest of the night was, for Mrs. Gately, an unceasing and generally futile struggle with the door, and for me quite as vain an attempt to keep Dick from being battered against the wall and banister. I held his poor head in my arms and, from time to time, tried to dry his face with a handkerchief which, it seemed, I no sooner had wrung out than another surge of sea water rushed over us. I never looked up that I did not see Flossie Gately silhouetted against the livid dimness without, clinging with both hands to the handle of the door, or flung, drenched and panting, now to this side, now to that, bruised and plucky, and finding, apparently, a fierce satisfaction in spending herself against so fierce and relentless a foe as the pitiless storm.

There was no measuring the time by hours or days, or, it seemed, even weeks. It was an eternity that we clung there, the dying ship leaping and reeling under us, ourselves sodden as seaweed, our eyes smarting with salt water and blinded with great blobs of yellow foam hurled at us by the gentler impulses of the wind, our throats parched, our limbs aching with cold, stiff with bruises, and our souls, when he we managed to think of it, benumbed with fear. From time to time we shouted at each other, but the wind tore the words from our lips and hurled them away upon its own track, drowning everything but itself.

And, somehow, the turn of the storm came, soner than we expected, though it might have been, for anything we felt, a year since our ordeal began. Little by little the shriek of the wind fell so that one could tell in the darkness that the other was trying to speak. More slowly the ship ceased its frenzied leaping, and, heavily water-logged, began to roll, in a more or less tremulous and crazy fashion, but to roll nevertheless with some regularity. Had we been shipshape and fully manned we would have run before the wind and had a longer martyrdom, as it was, we had outridden the storm, which shrieked away to the north, leaving behind it ragged fringes of cloud overhead, and beneath a stubbornly heaving, angry sea.

It was yet dark, and a few pale stars were to be made out through the trailing clouds. The wind was still high, but no more water came in upon us. I had begun wearily to notice that when I wrung the water from my skirts for the 500th time they stayed wrung, and that the door had ceased banging quite so often. I tried to drag Dick up from where he had swung, unconscious, half down the stair, but I was too worn out, and when I asked Mrs. Gately to help me, I found her, as unexpectedly as if it had been a dream, sitting close beside me on the stair, crying softly with fright and fatigue.

Some one whispered my name—it was Dick. It was hours since he had spoken, even deliriously. I bent over him, and made out somehow that the ropes hurt him. As I loosened them, soothing him as well as I could, I discovered that he knew my voice—it was too dark to see my face—and that he was, though very weak, himself again. He even managed to help himself up to the landing, where he sank down in a faint. But that he had known me again, if only for a moment, put a fresh heart in me, and I groped my way below for a lantern, not knowing what I might find, but feeling in my tired soul that the worst for us had passed with the storm.

We had not, it seemed, shipped so much water, after all, or if we had it had all drained into the main deck. The floor covering was soaked and oozy, and the walls as high as my head were still streaming, but there was at least not the wash to wade through that I had feared. But there was, I fancied, a more decided list—probably, I told myself, from the shifting of the stuff in the hold. Nevertheless, there was something very sinister in the heavy straining roll of the ship. I tried to convince myself that it was but to be expected after such a night; that the sea might not be quieted for hours, and the like. But when, securing my lantern, I went to the storeroom for some food, I saw in a corner two tiny bright points of light, and then another pair nearer me, upon a pile of boxes, and, as I flung out my hand, a swift smooth thing stirred upon the shelf, ran over my wrist with little cold paws, and sprang with a soft disgusting thump upon the deck. The rats had come. They had been driven from their last stronghold below, and were now come to make their final stand along with us against the death that lurked so close for all of us.

I stood still, clutching at whatever was nearest to steady myself, sick with the sickness that, I suppose, a man feels only when he hears his death sentence. For, except for our one lucky chance in a thousand, it was our death sentence. Our pitiful game, so to speak, was utterly up; our cards were all on the table. That forward bulkhead had been our last trump, and now it was ours no longer. It had given, it would soon go.

I do not know how long I leaned there, shivering in my wet clothes, trying to summon up the semblance of decent human courage with which to face those two above me. For I was resolved to keep the horrid secret for the present; they had suffered enough, those two—I would be the minister of no more sorrow. Tomorrow, if we should last so long, tomorrow in the light of day, when the sun was shining and the sea was blue and kindly sleep had strengthened them, they should know—but first they must be fed, warmed, rested.

And now I felt myself apart from the two of them, separated by the shadow that lay on me; for a moment I believed that I knew the first thoughts of the newly dead.

I was roused by a timid scratching in a corner, the rush and scamper of little paws, and the thought of the fate of these hunted little lives seemed more pitiful than our own. I hunted for and opened a box of biscuits and scattered its contents upon the floor for our humble fellows in misery, but the rustling scramble that followed turned me very sick—so sick that I felt my way to the divan and sank down, my head reeling, crying miserably against the sodden cushions, while the rats nibbled and squeaked about the floor.

I was roused by Mrs. Gately's voice. "Are you here, Miss Harding? Has anything happened?"

I dragged myself up very heavily in my wet clothes, my teeth chattering. "I'm all right. How is he?"

"Better, I think; he's asking for you. I think he's going to be all right." We gathered together some food and some blankets that were not utterly soaked, and she gave me a hand up the stairs, carrying most of the load, good soul, else I could never have climbed it. When at last I sank down by Dick, I could speak only his name.

"Polly—my Polly!" His voice was weak and broken, but he knew me still—he knew me!

Huddled together, we three ate and drank, and then, still huddled for warmth, in our drenched clothing, we slept, in spite of the rolling of the ship. As I closed my eyes, I remember seeing the first brightening of the dawn across the face of the waters.

CHAPTER IX.

The sea on which we lay and the bright sun looked forth next day was beautiful, a boiling, foam-laced mass of lapis lazuli and baryl and aquamarine. The wind was with us still, but, though we had no way of being sure of it, it did not seem to help us forward; the ship was now too heavy and water-logged for more than drifting slowly with the current of the sea.

The day was so beautiful, and Dick so much better—for, though still very weak, he was now entirely himself again—that I might have been able to put away all thought of my terror of the night before. But Flossie Gately, having begun to roam about the deck, came back with a scared face. Before Dick she would not speak, but I made some trifling excuse to him for leaving him, and followed her as she walked to the forward end of the promenade deck.

"Do you see that?" she asked, pointing forward.

The stump of the bowsprit, snapped off, by the iceberg, now dipped below the horizontal—perhaps nine or 10 degrees. The second cabin deck rail, at its forward end, was completely under water, and the sea gurgled and washed at the door to the first cabin. I knew that inside that door, since last night, the water must be six or eight inches deep. Our staterooms were half-way along that selfsame deck; by night they would be, as to the floor, at least, well under water.

"Yes," I replied stupidly, "I see." There was a pause.

"Well," said Flossie Gately, "so that's the end! And yet, do you know, when I first woke this morning, I—I hoped."

"So did I."

And then, not being a heroine, I told her about the rats. She shuddered. "And you came right upstairs and—and slept after that?"

"I was so tired—but we must go back to him."

"You're not going to tell him?"

"No—not now. Why, we may never have to!"

"You mean me may not have time!" replied Mrs. Gately; it was the first bitter thing I had heard her say in a long while.

We went back to Dick, who was sitting, propped up, against the cabin. His eyes met mine—and the Thing was told. He caught his breath—then he smiled.

"Noble girls," said he; "sit down upon the ground, and tell sad stories of the death of kings."

"Oh, no," said Flossie Gately, in a queer, choked voice, "let's have them live happily forever after!"

And then we told stories, in turn, like lost children, all day long; afraid to leave each other, afraid to touch each other, afraid to look in each other's eyes, lest we see the Thing, now so near, so implacable, so unescapable. Yet, even as I lived through it, that day was unreal to me, like the passing of a dream, or the return of an old, old memory. We were very gentle with each other, observing strange, unwonted deferences; the taint of our late strained, ragged, shabby life was for the time borne from us. As night fell, the wind sank with it, and the sea became quiet, and the stars came out with an unexpected misty radiance as we drifted straight east.

The next day was quiet and close, and the sky was faintly gray. Dick was steadily gaining strength, and we were all possessed with a mania for action. The exalted mood of the day before had passed; we were no longer obsessed with fatigue, and were become restless. We kept away from each other, for the sake, I think, of making solitary trips below, from which we returned, wet but triumphant, with some cherished but just-remembered souvenir or other. Each of us had on the deck a funny little heap of possessions, which we incessantly rearranged, weeded, or added to.

For, now that the ship was doomed, we, being human, and gaining hourly in health and strength in the reaction from our last ordeal, had set our hearts upon a rescue, and hope was creeping back to us, and beginning to unfurl its tiny standard. The mere fact that the water was nearly above the lower berths amidships on the deck below us was a sort of pledge, and we drew a queer courage from desperation itself.

We were very silent, yet not uncheerful. We even feigned a recklessness with our food and drink, choosing the best of what was left, and unblushingly evading the reason why it didn't matter. The storeroom was a foot deep in water now, a slimy wash most unsavory forage in—and the rats were upon the dack.

They crouched, blinking and scared, in corners, appalled at the queerness of the wide space and the bright light. We fed them generously, and they responded to the least advance, recovering, with an awful comradeship, from their natural fear of us. To see them sniffing and nosing about our knees for the last crumbs they were to enjoy was a sight whose implications, with a transparent pretence of humanity, we brazenly ignored.

"Funny, chivvied, frightened little beggars!" Dick commented. "One would think that not the monkeys, but they, were our relatives."

"Perhaps they are," said Flossie Gately. But it was not a time for such speculations or such comparisons and she bravely made a joke—a very poor one—about something else.

It became, by the afternoon, an awful day; the water was a good ten inches higher, and the veiled sun and warm moist air seemed to increase the strain upon our nerves to the breaking point. Whether we tried to forget ourselves in a hollow pretence of chatter, or whether we sought shelter in brief stretches of solitude, our thoughts were busy with that wrenched, tortured, brave bulkhead, which was fighting so steadfastly, yielding so slowly.

It was perhaps hardest on Flossie Gately, as she wandered, in a feverish languor, about the deck, or hung over the rail, weary, absorbed, ranging the sky and sea with unseeing eyes. Or was it harder on Dick and me, as we sat silent, hand in hand, while the vision of the joy life would have held for us alternately danced before us, and was, in a rush of memory, snatched away?

We did not talk of the past, and I know that I, for one, did not think of the future. I had always wondered, in my youth and strength how a man condemned to die, under the pressure of that knowledge of physical death, could find strength to think of intangible things, and at this time I was not destined to know. I had a sense of what it would mean to be sucked down under the smooth, cool, gray-green water. I would let go Dick's hand, and I would beat at the water, and the cool gurgle would be in my lungs and the green light all round me for a long while. And so it would be with Dick. And so with Flossie Gately. And with the rats.

I could think of nothing beyond that. And in the midst of our attempts at cheerful talk, oftener and oftener as the day wore on would my eyes burn and fill and my throat tighten and my voice grow dumb. And I think that it was so with the others, only less often with Dick.

As the light began to fade out of the pallid sky we made haste to light all the lanterns we had brought up with us. They burned sallow and faint for a few moments, but we were soon glad enough to gather in the bright little circle they made. We were now shut in, the three of us, in a little shining cage, the prisoners of the strangest, most pitiless of fortunes. We had become very silent, and sat watching the rats as they scurried about at the edge of the light, growing less friendly as the accustomed darkness fell upon them.

Dick began to scatter crumbs with a lavish hand. "We may as well celebrate," said he grimly. "We may as well celebrate all round!"

He reached for a bottle of champagne. Flossie Gately ranged the glasses in a row, and I wrenched out the cork. Dick filled the glasses, but checked me as I was about to raise mine. "Wait a bit—I want everybody to kiss me, please."

Then Flossie Gately did a beautiful thing. She looked at Dick, then at me, then at Dick again, and her eyes were soft. "Kiss me first, Dick," said she.

And he did. So that my kiss was the last upon his lips that night.

Then we raised our glasses and drank in silence, and flung the glass-

Continued on Page 3, First Column.

FAMOUS AUTHOR OF BEN HUR TO BE HONORED BY NATION

General Lew Wallace—soldier, patriot, statesman, diplomatist and author—is to receive the highest honor in the gift of his native state and his country when, January 11, 1910, his effigy in marble will be unveiled in the Hall of Fame in the capital at Washington, D. C.

More than anything else done by the great author, his work in giving to the world his imperishable Ben Hur: A Tale of the Christ, has earned for him this superlative honor. It was President Garfield's gratitude to Wallace for the immortal romance that made him minister plenipotentiary to Turkey—a gratitude which the whole nation shared and which the civilized world echoed, for Ben Hur has been translated into and read in every language used in the known literatures of the globe.

Statuary hall in the capitol has become the American Hall of Fame, for here the several states of the union honor their greatest men. Indiana, in placing General Wallace among the immortals there, recognizes his services to his country and the heritage of posterity in his written monument, his Ben Hur, his Fair God, his Prince of India, and other of the works from his pen. Each state is allowed two representatives in that wonderful Statuary hall, and General Wallace will share the immortality with the war governor of Indiana, Oliver P. Morton.

Work of European Artist.

The statue of General Wallace, which will be unveiled, is the work of Andrew O'Connor, of Paris, one of the best known sculptors in Europe. It is of Carrara marble and is of heroic size, being seven feet high. The figure is clad in the uniform of the major general of the United States. The committee which selected the artist to make the statue and to decide on the details of the work, was appointed by Governor Hanley, acting under an act of the Indiana legislature, and was composed of William A. Fox, director of the Herron Art Institute of Indianapolis; Captain J. F. Megrew, Washington, D. C., and William Allen Wood, of Indianapolis

One of the most interesting features of the unveiling of the statue will be the presence of the grandsons of General Wallace, Lew, Jr. and Noble Wallace, sons of Henry L. Wallace. Lew Wallace, Jr., will pull the cord which will disclose the finished work. The exercises will be of more than national interest and will attract the services of many more prominent in the highest circles of this country.

Riley to Read a Poem.

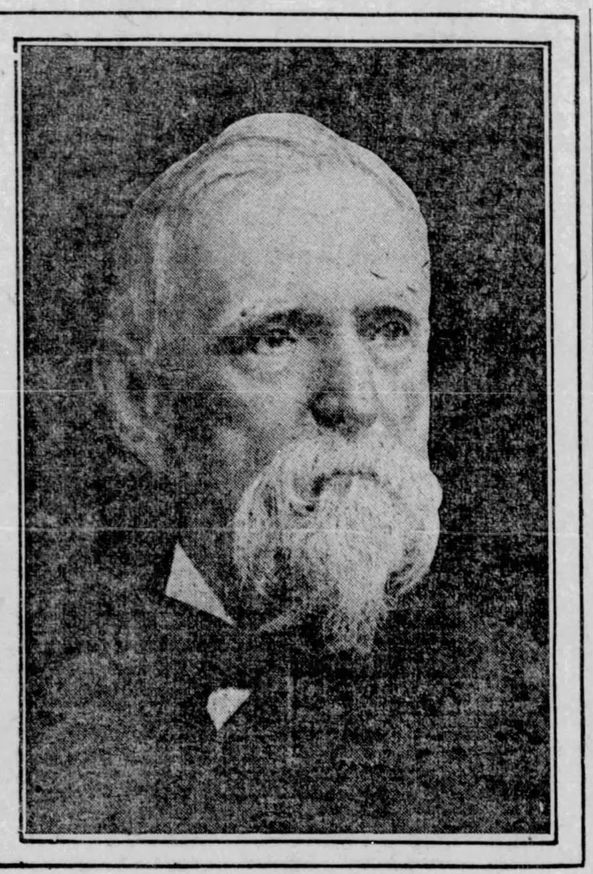
Midday has been selected as the hour for the ceremony. William Allen Wood will make the presentation and Governor Tom Marshall, on behalf of the state of Indiana, will respond. Senator Albert J. Beveridge will deliver an address, and the Reverend Dr. Dudley will make the prayer. A poem written for the occasion will be read by its author, James Whitcomb Riley, a lifelong friend of General Wallace. Both congress and the senate will be represented, officially, by delegations from their bodies.

The Indiana society will have a Wallace meeting the evening of January 11 and several prominent men will make addresses. At this meeting it is expected the survivors of the Eleventh Indiana regiment, which was General Wallace's command in the early part of the civil war, will be present in a body.

The monument of marble in Washington is the concrete and material expression of the monument in the hearts of the grateful thousands—nay millions — who honor and revere the great author of Ben Hur. Something of the history of the book—how it came to be written; where it was produced; its reception when published; its effect as a drama, and its enduring quality may be of interest.

Rejected By Readers.

The book really owes its printed existence to a woman. When General Wallace took his manuscript to New York and gave it to the firm of Harper Brothers it was passed from one to another of the firm's readers, and each of them rejected it as unprofitable. Wallace himself told the story to C. F. Towle, manager of the company which is presenting the dramatization of the romance through the country.



GENERAL LEW WALLACE.

"Ben Hur," said General Wallace, "came near having an untimely death. Mr. James Harper, to whom it was first given to read in manuscript, sent it to the several readers employed by his company, and they rejected it. Mr. Harper gave as the reason the generally accepted belief by readers and publishers that no religious novel could be made a commercial success. And when he showed me the list of failures in this line it looked as though there was much force in the argument. But I was tenacious, and I kept after him, for my faith in my work grew stronger with opposition. At last he agreed to look over the manuscript himself, and he took it home with him. By some chance his wife read it, and after she had finished it she said to Mr. Harper: 'If you never print another book, print Ben Hur.' The next day Mr. Harper ordered the book to press. So, after all, it was a woman who saw clearly the possibilities of the work, while the men who professionally decided on the chances of success had their judgment warped and clouded by tradition.

Bought His Own Books.

"The early years of the book were not encouraging. Its sale was fair and steady, but nothing like I had expected. I did all I could to stimulate the demand—even going so far as to visit retailers and purchase copies here and there. That was an odd experience, but a happy one, for I met and talked with many men and women who had read it, and they were all impressed with the work. Then, suddenly and without warning, Ben-Hur began to sell by thousands. Edition after edition was run off; inquiries and letters by hundreds came from other lands until it seemed as if I had aroused all Christendom."

Ben-Hur was published November 12, 1880, and 19 years later, November 29, 1899, a dramatization of the book, made by William Young, with the assistance and under the eye of General Wallace was produced at the Broadway theatre, New York, and revolutionized the theatrical business for bigness of receipts and the intense interest it created among the theatregoers and non-theatregoers.

The book was begun while General Wallace was governor of New Mexico and was living in the picturesque old governor's palace, in Old Santa Fe. The wastes of plain, the semi-tropical sun and the exotic vegetation served him as the scene on which to paint his descriptions of Palestine. The room in which he worked is preserved today as it was when he sat there and wrote the immortal prelude to the tale—the vision of the Star of Bethlehem, which is one of the most impressive chapters in the romance and one of the greatest scenes ever set on a stage.

Worked Under a Tree.

His term of office finished, General Wallace returned to domestic life at his home in Crawfordsville, Ind., and there he finished the book, working many hours under a splendid chestnut tree, which was within view of his study window. He loved the tree and had a platform built there, on which his table and chair were set, and in good weather he did his writing under its shade. When the days grew too cold to sit out of doors, or when rain or wind prevented him from writing there, he sat at the window which overlooked the beloved tree, and there finished his great work. It was under this very tree that Joseph Brooks concluded negotiations with General Wallace for the dramatic rights of the romance.

General Wallace's home in Crawfordsville is a beautiful mansion, surrounded by stately trees and vistas of rare beauty. His library was housed in a special building fire-proof and fitted with every convenience for getting at his books. In this fine buildings were placed his wonderful collection of curios brought from the several countries he visited and mementos of honors heaped on him wherever he went.

A Mecca for Thousands

By reason of his residence there Crawfordsville, while in itself a small place, has become one of the most important points in Indiana, and thousands of visitors go there every year. Indeed, so great is the travel that the two trolley lines run from Indianapolis to the city where Ben Hur was born, one of the lines bearing the name of the book and having emblazoned on its side a picture of the chariot race. Crawfordsville is the home of the Tribe of Ben Hur, a social and benevolent order that has some hundreds of thousands of members, and which grew directly out of the reading of the book. The order has a very large building, completely occupied by its chief officers, and there its enormous business is carried on.

Indiana, in honoring General Wallace by the statue in the National Hall of Fame, is showing wisdom by selecting the one man on whom the election of all her people would fall were the question put to vote.

Peary's Home in Far North

When Commander Robert E. Peary was fitting out the exploring ship Windward for his famous dash for the North Pole in 1898, E. B. Thomas, then president of the Erie railroad, gave him a small caboose, believing that it might come handy in case it should become necessary to establish a winter camp in the far north.

Peary loaded the railroad car on the Windward, and during the following winter, when the ship was fast in the ice in Allman Bay, Grinnell Land, the caboose was used as headquarters and living room. The caboose was landed by the Windward at Etah, North Greenland, in August, 1899, and in it and its extension Peary and his two companions passed the winter of 1898 and 1899. They left it with daylight in the spring of 1900 for their wonderful and successful journey around the northern end of Greenland.

The caboose remained untenanted at Etah until the arrival of the Windward after a second winter in the ice—1900-01, at Payer Harbor, near Cape Sabin, Grinnell Land. It was then transferred from the shore to its former place on the ship, where it remained until returned to the Erie railroad at Newburgh, N. Y., in July, 1902.

It was then decided to retain the caboose as a memento of the Peary expedition, and now it has been loaned by the Erie for charitable purposes, its first exhibition being in Cleveland at the present time for the benefit of the endowment bed for nurses at the Lakeside hospital.

The caboose is numbered 4,259. It has traveled farther from home by water than by rail, although probably its ocean trip did not aggregate so many miles. It got as far north as 78 degrees.

ALL OF HIS 56 YEARS KNOX HAS BEEN STUBBORN FIGHTER

"The big little man" is what they call Philander Chase Knox, Secretary of State, who through all the fifty-six years of his life has been carrying a chip, if not on his shoulder at least somewhere about him, says a writer in the New York World.

As a matter of fact, there is no logical reason to suppose that a five-foot-two man, even a statesman, who wears his hat at a careless angle, keeps his hands in his pockets and smokes constantly without removing the cigar for a puff, is belligerent. And when one goes into the barn-like room of the Secretary of State and after a search finds the secretary sitting on the back of his neck in a chair built for a much larger man, looking up with the sleepy eyes of P. C. Knox, any indication of force of character seems impossible.

But when the conversation is opened if one has a direct, concrete idea in mind and expresses it intelligently, the rapid-fire and tabloid answer that comes back is staggering but most satisfying, when one has thought it over.

A vague inquiry bores the Secretary of State. It indicates to him that the visitor does not know just what he wants, and Mr. Knox settles a little further into the enveloping chair and grunts. The fighting spirit does not appear until some one rubs against the concealed chip. Then the sleepy eyes glare.

That Atlantic City Scrap.

Mr. Knox has been "scrapping" all his life. He started in at school and, being small for his age, was regularly whipped. When Mr. Knox was Attorney-General of the United States he tried to pass a few quiet days at Atlantic City. Seated in a restaurant on the boardwalk with friends, among them Mrs. Knox and other ladies, he was disturbed by the unconventional language of some other Pittsburgers at a nearby table. Mr. Knox sent a polite request that the noise and profanity stop. This was conveyed by a waiter, who returned, followed by a Pittsburg iron manufacturer six feet two or three, and fired with wine and indignation.

Mr. Knox quietly asked that the ladies take a stroll on the boardwalk, which they did, and then the "big little man" started in to clean up things. Physically he was outclassed. Friends rushed to the aid of the iron manufacturer, but Mr. Knox also had friends, one of them being a member of the circuit court who had been pining for exercise. This friend put all the pent-up longing into three or four blows and things quieted down.

Mr. Knox is a lineal descendant of General Henry Knox of Revolutionary war fame. General Knox made his headquarters at Valley Forge in that hard and famous winter, and Valley Forge now is the home of Senator Knox, the old headquarters having been made a habitable mansion.

In the Northern Securities case, when Mr. Knox was Attorney-General, he made preparations that passed over all party lines and that resulted in an uninterrupted chain of victories through the courts. He selected lawyers everywhere in the United States whom he knew, without regard to whether they were Republicans or Democrats. He was fighting again. And at that time the comment was made that Mr. Knox was a most careless and probably ineffective official, as he lounged across Lafayette Park to the White House with his hat insecurely set at an angle and his hands in his pockets.

Out to "Get" Zelaya.

The conduct of the campaign against Zelaya has not revealed any different Knox. The Secretary expects that the United States will have to put an army of occupation into Nicaragua until a Government that will stand still a few minutes is founded, as was done in Cuba.

Zelaya, in the Knox mind, is a degenerate disturber, and has become a murderer. With quick preception the Secretary seized upon the admission of Zelaya that Cannon and Groce, the Americans killed by Zelaya, were officers of the revolutionary army. So Mr. Knox has sent out a police alarm for the apprehension of a murderer.

If the Estrada Government succeeds Zelaya will be tried and punished for murder. If it becomes necessary for the United States to establish a provisional government, Zelaya will be tried for murder. In the mean time all commanders of United States warships on both sides of Nicaragua are under orders to see that Zelaya does not escape. Secretary Knox is out to "get" Zelaya.

Half A Rogue

by HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"To him. We can not settle this matter underground. We must fight in the open, in the light. John must know. You must be brave, girl. This is no time for timidity and tears. You know and I know that right and truth are on our side. We'll risk it in a single throw." Upon determining to act thus, he was acting as only a man acts who has a wide and definite knowledge of men and affairs. "Come; the sooner it is over the better. John may flare up a little, but he is a just man. Let us go to John."

She put forth many arguments, but to each he shook his head. The thought of losing a particle of John's love terrified her, who was ordinarily a courageous woman.

"We are losing time," said Warrington. "When John reads these two documents he will understand. He knows McQuade is base enough to seek revenge this way. He will recognize it for its worth. But if John finds out that we have left him out of our confidence, he will have some good reason to doubt. Come."

So she followed him, her heart like lead, no thought coherent, her will without energy. This was to be the end of all her dreams. They crossed the street without speaking. He helped her down this curb and up that. All this excitement lessened his own pain temporarily. But who had written to Patty, if not McQuade? He could block any future move of McQuade's, but this other anonymous writer, whom Patty declared she knew? He went on doggedly. One battle at a time. Together they entered the house, together they passed from room to room in search of John. They came upon him reading in the library. He rose to greet them. There was no beating about the bush for Warrington. He went straight into the heart of things.

"John, read this."

John glanced at the sheet, and his face darkened. The look he shot his wife was indescribable. She watched him, twisting and knotting and untwisting her gloves.

"When did this thing come?" asked John, a slight tremor in his tone.

"This morning," Mrs. Jack answered, her voice choking.

"Why did you not bring it to me?" he asked. "Why did you take it to Dick? You and he should not come to me; on the contrary, you and I should have gone to him. But never mind now. I have carired in my pocket a letter similar to this for several weeks," simply.

"Catch her, John!" cried Warrington.

"No, no! I am not fainting. I am just dizzy."

The poor woman groped her way to the lounge and lay down. Her shoulders were shaking with noiseless sobs.

John crossed the room and put his hand on her head. The touch was tender.

"Well, Dick?"

It is easy to distort truth into a lie, John."

"But it is very hard to reverse the order again."

"Do you believe the lie?" Warrington looked his friend squarely in the eyes.

A minute passed. The ticking of the clock was audible.

"Believe it? I have had to struggle, I have had to fight hard and all alone. I do not say that I don't believe it. I say that I will not."

A truly noble soul always overawes us. This generosity struck Warrington dumb. But the woman found life in the words. She flung herself before her husband and clasped his knees with a nervous strength that provoked a sharp cry from his lips.

"John, John!"

He stooped and unwound her arms, gently drawing her up, up, till her head lay against his shoulder. Then she became a dead weight. She had fainted. He lifted her up in his strong arms and started for the stairs.

"Were she guilty of all the crimes chronicled in hell, I still should love her. But between you and me, Dick, things must be explained."

"I shall wait for you, John."

John was not gone long. When he returned he found Warrington by the bow-window that looked out upon the lawn.

"Now, Dick, the truth, and nothing but the truth. Don't be afraid of me; I am master of myself."

"I'm not afraid of you. There is half a truth in that letter," began Warrington, facing about. "Your wife did stay a night in my apartments."

John made no sign.

"It was the first week of a new play. I had to be at the theatre every night. There were many changes being made. Near midnight we started out for a bite to eat. She had been suffering with attacks of neuralgia of the heart. As we entered the carriage, one of these attacks came on. We drove to her apartments. Her maid was out, the janitor could not be found, and, unfortunately, she had left the keys at the theatre. In a moment like that I accepted the first thing that came into my head—my own aparments. She was not there a quarter of an hour before a trained nurse and her physician were at her side. I slept in a chair. At six, the following morning, she left for her own apartments. And that, John, is the truth, God's truth. I see now that I should have taken her to a hotel. You know there was a time when I was somewhat dissipated. It was easy to take that incident and enlarge upon it. Now, let me tell where this base slander originated. Compare the letter you have with the one I gave you."

John complied. He nodded. These two letters had come from the same typewriter.

"Next?"

"Here is onther document." It was the carbon sheet.

John spread the sheet against the window pane. The light behind brought out the letters distinctly. He scarcely reached the final line when he spun round, his face mobile with eagerness.

"Where did this come from?"

"Indirectly, out of McQuade's waste basket."

"Morrissy and McQuade; both of them! Oh, you have done me a service, Dick."

"But it can not be used, John. That and the letters were written on McQuade's typewriter. So much for my

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are probably responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, serious results are sure to follow.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys most, because they do most and should have attention first.

If you feel that your kidneys are the cause of your sickness or run down condition begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better they will help all the other organs to health.

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Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patient or physicians, who usually content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease constantly undermines the system.

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The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable results in the most distressing cases.

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Swamp-Root is Pleasant to Take.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at all drug stores. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

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political dreams! With that carbon sheet I could pile up a big majority; without it I shall be defeated. But don't let that bother you."

"McQuade!" John slowly extended his arms and closed his fingers so tightly that his whole body trembled. An arm inside those fingers would have snapped like a pipe-stem. "McQuade! Damn him!"

"Take care!" warned the other. "Don't injure those letters. When my name was suggested by Senator Henderson as a possible candidate, McQuade at once set about to see how he could injure my chances. He was afraid of me. An honest man, young, new in politics, and, therefore, unattached, was a menace to the success of his party, that is to say, his hold on the city government. Among his henchmen was a man named Bolles.

"Ah!" grimly.

"He sent this man to New York to look up my past. In order to earn his money he brought back this lie, which is half a truth. Whether McQuade believes it or not is of no matter; it serves his purpose. Now John!"

John made no reply. With his hands (one still clutching the letters) behind his back he walked the length of the room and returned.

"Will you take my word, which you have always found loyal, or the word of a man who has written himself down as a rascal, a briber, and a blackleg?"

John put out his empty hand and laid it on Warrington's shoulder.

"You're a good man, Dick. Dissipation is sometimes a crucible that separates the gold from the baser metals. It has done that to you. You are a good man, an honorable man. In coming to me like this you have shown yourself to be courageous as well. There was a moment when the sight of you filled my heart with murder. It was the night after I received that letter. I've been watching you, watching, watching. Well, I would stake my chance of eternity on your honesty. I take your word; I should have taken it, had you nothing to prove your case. That night I ran into Bolles. . . . Well, he uttered a vile insult, and I all but throttled him. Here's my hand, Dick."

The hand-grip that followed drew a gasp from Warrington.

"Not every man would be so good about it, John. What shall we do about McQuade?"

"I was about to say that I shall see McQuade within an hour," in a tone that did not promise well for McQuade.

"Wait a day or two, John. If you meet him now, I believe you will do him bodily harm, and he has caused enough trouble, God knows."

"But not to meet him! Not to cram this paper down his vile throat! I had not considered that sacrifice. And I can not touch him by law, either."

"But you can silence him effectually. This business will end right here."

"You are right," said John with reluctance. "If I meet him in this rage I should probably kill him."

"Let us go and pay him a visit together, John," Warrington suggested. "I can manage to keep in between you."

"That's better. We'll go together." And John went for his hat. Then he ran upstairs quickly. There was a loving heart up there that ached, and he alone could soothe it.

And then the two men left the house. As they strode down the street, step by step, their thoughts were as separate as the two poles. To the one his wife was still his wife, in all the word implied; to the other there was only a long stretch of years that he must pass through alone, alone—not even the man at his side would ever be quite the same to him, nor his wife. There was a shadow; it would always walk between them.

"Remember, Dick, Patty must never know anything of this. Nothing must come between her and my wife."

"I shall say nothing to anyone, John." Who had written to Patty?

It took them a quarter of an hour to reach McQuade's office. Unfortunately for that gentleman, he was still in his office and alone. The new typewriter and the two clerks had gone. He was still wondering why O-borne's niece had resigned so unexpectedly. Probably she was going to get married. They always did when they had saved a penny or two. He laughed. He had been careless now and then, but whatever she might have picked up in the way of business or political secrets could not profit her. Boss McQuade felt secure. Warrington was as good as beaten. He had had his long-delayed revenge on the man who had turned him out of doors.

It was dark outside by this time, and he turned on the drop-light over his desk. He heard the door open and shut, but this was not unusual; so he went on with his writing.

"Well, what's wanted?" he called, folding his letter, but not yet turning his head.

As no one answered, he sent his chair around with a push of his foot. He saw two men, but he did not recognize them at once. By and by his eyes grew accustomed to the dark. Instantly he was on his feet, pressing the button connecting the wall lights. There was no possible exit save by that door, and these two men stood between. To do McQuade justice, he was not a physical coward. His huge bulk and hardened muscles gave him a ready courage. He forced a smile to his lips. After all, he had expected one or the other of them sooner or later.

"Well, gentlemen, I am highly honored. What can I do for you?" There was a pretense of amiability.

"For the present," said Warrington, "you may sit down. We propose to do so." He drew out a chair from under the office table and placed it close to the door. "You sit there, John." For himself, he sat on the corner of the table.

McQuade did not hesitate, but reseated himself. His thoughts were not particularly lucid, however.

"McQuade, you're as fine a blackleg as ever graced a prison," said Warrington.

"I'll have to take your word for it," was the reply. "But how is it that I see you and Mr. Bennington together?" evilly.

"We'll come to that presently. I had always given you credit for being as astute as you were underhanded and treacherous."

"Thanks." McQuade took a cigar from his pocket and fumbled around in his vest for a match.

"But," Warrington added, "I am pained to reverse my opinion. You are a fool as well as a blackleg."

"How do you make that out?" coolly.

"Do you know where your man Bolles can be found?"

"Bolles? Ah, I begin to see. What do you want of him?"

"We want the esteemed honor of his company at this reunion," dryly.

Bolles? McQuade smiled. He was only too glad to accommodate them. If they wanted Bolles they should have him. Bolles would cut them in two. He reached for the telephone and began to call up the familiar haunts of his henchman. He located him at length in Martin's saloon. There was evidently some reluctance on the part of Bolles.

"Bolles, if you are not at my office inside of ten minutes, I'll break you, and you know what I mean." McQuade hung up the receiver. "He'll be right over. Now, what's all this mystery about?"

"It regards some literary compositions of yours to which I have taken exception."

"Compositions?"

"Yes. Two anonymous letters. But before we discuss them we'll wait for our friend Bolles."

McQuade signified that this was agreeable to him. All the same, he glanced uneasily at the man near the door. Bennington had not made the slightest sound after taking his chair. His arms were folded across his breast, which rose and fell with deep intakes. His face, in the shadow, was no more readable than that of the miniature sphinx paperweight that rested on McQuade's desk. But Bolles was coming. So they waited. The end of McQuade's cigar waxed and waned, according to his inhalations. These inhalations were not quickly made, as by a man whose heart is beating with excitement; they were slow and regular, it might be said, contemplative. John's gaze never left the end of that cigar.

The lights in the tall building opposite began to twinkle from window to window. Warrington slipped off the table and pulled down the curtains. McQuade knocked the ashes from his cigar, contemplated the coal, and returned it to the corner of his mouth.

Ah! The three men heard steps in the hall. The door to the outer office opened and banged. But the man who squeezed past Bennington was not Bolles.

"Morrissy?" cried Warrington. "Fine! Have a chair, Mr. Morrissy, have a chair." Warrington was delighted.

Morrissy's glance, somewhat bewildered, traveled from face to face. On entering he had seen only McQuade's tranquil visage. He sat down disturbed and mystified.

"What's this?" Morrissy demanded to know.

"Hanged if I know!" said McQuade. "These two gentlemen presented themselves a few moments ago and requested me to send for Bolles. Have a cigar."

Morrissy took the proffered weed, but he did not light it. He turned it round and round in his teeth and chewed it. Well, so long as the boss did not seem alarmed, the trouble could not be serious. Yet he was not over-confident of Bennington's lowering face.

"Been a fine day," said Morrissy, at haphazard.

"Yes, b there's going to be a storm tonight." Warrington resumed his position on the table.

Conversation died. And then Bolles came in. At the sight of Bennington he recoiled.

"Come in, come in!" said McQuade. "Mr. Warrington will offer you a chair," facetiously.

"Yes, Bolles, sit down."

"Well, gentlemen, here's a quorum," and McQuade began to rock in his chair. Three against two; that would do very well.

"I will go at once at the matter in hand. Those letters, John." Warrington held out his hand. "I'll read one to you, McQuade." He read slowly and distinctly.

"What the hell is this?" said Morrissy.

"It's up to Mr. Warrington to explain." McQuade grinned. That grin however, nearly cost him his life.

"John, remember your promise!" cried Warrington.

John sat down, seized with a species of vertigo.

"McQuade, you wrote that."

"Me? You're crazy!"

"Not at all. Let me advise you. The next time you put your hand to anonymous letters, examine the type of your machine. There may be some bad letter."

"I don't know what you're driving at," McQuade declared.

"I see that I must read this, then, to convince you." Warrington stood up, his back toward Bennington. He unfolded the carbon sheet and began to read.

McQuade saw Medusa's head, little versed as he was in mythology. He lowered his cigar. The blood in his face gradually receded.

"'In two sums of five hundred each,'" Warrington went on.

Morrisey, who suddenly saw visions of bars and stripes, made a quick, desperate spring. Warrington struck him with full force on the side of the head. Morrisey reeled, stumbled to the floor and lay there. The others were on their feet instantly.

"Stay where you are, John; I don't need any assistance. Now, McQuade, I've got you where I want you." Warrington spoke with deadly calm now. "This carbon was found in your waste basket and brought to me. The girl is where you can not find her. There are two courses open to you."

"What are they?" There was murder in McQuade's heart, but there was reason in his head. He saw exactly where he stood. They had him.

"One is state's prison; the other is a full retraction of this base calumny. Take your choice."

"Bolles?"

"It's true, every damn word of it," said Bolles venomously. "Your janitor in New York told me the facts. You know they're true."

"Bolles, I nearly killed you one night. So help me, if you do not withdraw that, I'll kill you here and now!" It was the first time Bennington had spoken.

"Bolles," said McQuade, "did you sell a lie to me?"

Bolles eyed Bennington, who had pushed Warrington out of the way and was moving toward him. He saw death on Bennington's face. Warrington again interposed, but John swept him aside with ease.

"Well, there was a doctor and a nurse there all night with them. But she was in Warrington's rooms all night. That seemed enough for me." Bolles put the table between him and Bennington. He was genuinely afraid.

Morrisey turned over and sat up, rubbing his head. Presently he pulled himself to his feet. He was dazed. Recollection of what had happened returned to him. This dude had knocked him out.

"You'll pay well for that," he said.

"Sit down. It's only a marker for what I'll do to you if you make another move. Now, McQuade, which is it?"

"Go ahead and write your letter," McQuade snarled.

Warrington proceeded.

"Now sign it," he said. "Here, John, take care of this carbon. Bolles, your signature." Bolles scrawled a shaking hand. Warrington put the paper in his pocket. "Bite, both of you now, if you dare."

"I'll trouble you for that carbon," said McQuade.

"Hardly. But you have my word of honor that it shall not be used against you unless you force me. It will repose in my deposit box at the bank. But as for you, Morrissy, this climate doesn't suit your abilities. The field is too small. Take my advice and clear out. That is all, gentlemen. Come, John."

When they were gone Morissy turned savagely upon McQuade.

"I told you you were a damn fool!" "Get out of here, both of you; and if you ever stick your heads in this office again, I'll smash you."

McQuade dropped into his chair, once more alone. He sat there for an hour, thinking, ruminating, planning; but all his thinking and planning had but one result; they had him licked. Morrisey was right; he was a fool. The girl! He would have liked her throat in his fingers that moment, the sneaking, treacherous hoo-ngage! Licked! To go about hereafter with that always menacing him! But there was one ray of consolation. He knew something about human nature. Bennington and Warrington would drift apart after this. Bennington had cleared up the scandal, but he hadn't purged his heart of all doubt. There was some satisfaction in this knowledge. And Warrington would never enter the city hall as Herculaneum's mayor.

CHAPTER XX.

By November John and his wife were on the way to Italy. There is always a second honeymoon for those who have just passed the first matrimonial Scylla and Charybdis; there is always a new courtship, deeper and more understanding. Neither of them had surrendered a particle of their affction for Warrington, but they agreed that it would be easier for all concerned if there came a separation of several months.

"You are all I have," said Warrington, when they bade him good-by. "I shall be very lonely without you. If I lose the election I shall go to Japan."

"There's always Patty and the mother," said John, smiling.

"Yes, there's always Patty and her mother. Good-by, and God bless you both. You deserve all the happiness I can wish you."

Warrington plunged into the campaign. It would keep him occupied.

Mrs. Bennington and Patty lived as usual, to all outward appearance. But Patty was rarely seen in society. She took her long rides in the afternoon now, always alone, brooding. Her young friends wondered, questioned, then drifted away gradually. Poor little Patty! No one had told her; the viper had not been shaken from her nest. Day after day she waited for the blow to fall, for the tide of scandal to roll over her and obliterate her. She was worldly enough to know that Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene was not the kind of woman to keep such a scandal under lock and key; others must know, Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene's particular friends. So she avoided the possibility of meeting these friends by declining all invitations of a formal character. Perhaps after a time it would die of its own accord, to be recalled in after years by another generation, as such things generally are. Patty derived no comfort from the paragraph in the Sunday papers announcing Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene's departure for Egypt, to remain for the winter.

She kept in touch with all that Warrington did. The sense of shame she had at first experienced in reading his speeches was gone. Her pride on longer urged her to cast aside the paper, to rend it, to fling it into the flames. Sometimes she saw him on his way home from his morning rides. It seemed to her that he did not sit as erectly as formerly. Why should he? she asked herself bitterly. When the heart is heavy it needs a confidante, but Patty, brave and loyal, denied herself the luxury of her mother's arms. Tell her this frightful story? Bow that proud, handsome head? No.

"It is very strange," mused her mother, one evening, "that Mr. Warrington calls no more. I rather miss his cheerfulness, and John thinks so much of him."

Patty shivered. "He is very busy, mother. Election is only three days off, and doubtless he hasn't a minute to call his own."

Nor had he. Pulled this way and that, speaking every night, from one end of the city to the other, he went over the same ground again and again, with the same noise, the same fumes of tobacco and whisky and kerosene, with his heart no longer behind his will. Yes, Warrington was very busy. He was very unhappy, too. What did he care about the making up of the slate? What was it to him that this man or that wanted this or that berth? What were all these things? But he hid his dissatisfaction admirably. His speeches lacked nothing.

Election day came round finally, and a rare and beautiful day it was. The ghost of summer had returned to view her past victories. A west wind had cleared the skies, the sun shone warm and grateful, the golden leaves shivered and fluttered to the ground. Nature had lent a hand to bring voting humanity to the polls. Some men are such good citizens that they will vote in the rain. But warmth and sunshine bring out the lazy, the indifferent and the uninterested.

Warrington voted early in the morning, rode to the Country club, made an attempt to play golf over the partly frozen course, lounged round till 3 in the afternoon and then returned to town. There was not a flutter in his heart. There was this truth, however, staring him in the eyes: if he lost, he would become an indifferent citizen; if he won, an indifferent mayor. He was not a man to falsify his accounts for the inspection of his conscience.

The voting was heavy throughout the day. Crowds lingered round the polls, which, in greater part, were in the rear of shops, in barns and sheds. There was a good deal of repeating in some of the districts, and a dozen arrests had been made. Neither party was free from this taint of dishonest politics. But no one could prophesy what the final results of the day would be.

Night came. It is the greatest spectacular night the American knows. The noisy, good-natured crowds in the streets; the jostling, snail-moving crowds; the illuminated canvas sheets in front of the newspaper offices; the blare of tin horns, the cries, the yells, the hoots and hurrahs; the petty street fights; the stalled surface cars; the swearing cabbies; the newsboys hawking their latest extras, men carrying execrable posters of roosters. Hurrah! hurrah! A flash goes over the canvas.

In the 4th District.	
Donnelly	608
Warrington	302

A roar that rose and died suddenly, and a wailing of tin horns.

In Seven Districts.	
Warrington	1,262
Donnelly	1,196

Roars. It was going to be close. Between times local advertisers used the sheets, or there were pictures of presidents past and present, crowned heads (always greeted with jeers), funny pictures, or returns from other states.

In Nine Districts.	
Donnelly	1,821
Warrington	1,809

The crowds surged and billowed, and there was pandemonium.

The newspaper offices were having a busy time. This period proves the man; he is a newspaper man or he is not. There was a continuous coming and going of messengers, bringing in returns. The reporters and editors were in their shirt sleeves, most of them collarless. Figures, figures, thousands of figures to sift and resift. A fire bell rings. No one looks up save the fire reporter, and he is up and away at once. Filtering through the various noises is the maddening rattle of the telegraph instruments. Great drifts of waste paper litter the floors. A sandwich man serves coffee and cigars, and there is an occasional bottle of beer. Everybody is writing, writing.

McQuade and his cohorts haunted the city room of the Times. Things did not look well at all. There were 12 more districts to hear from. Donnelly seemed to be the coolest man in that office.

Warrington started home at 9. Up to this time he had been indifferent, but it was impossible not to catch the spirit of this night. Win or lose, however, he wanted to be alone. So he went home, lighted the fire in his working room, called his dog and sat there dreaming.

Down town the clamor was increasing. The great throngs round the bulletins were gathering in force. Bonfires were flaring on corners.

In 15 Districts.	
Warrington	9,782
Donnelly	9,036

Close, terribly close. But those districts upon which the fight really depended had not yet turned up. The big labor vote had not been accounted for.

The Call had notified its readers that when the returns were all in and the battle decided, it would blow a whistle. If Warrington was elected, five blasts; if Donnelly, 10.

So Warrington waited, sunk in his chair, has legs sprawled, his chin on his breast, and his eyes drawing phantoms in the burning wood fire. * * * It was cruel that Patty could not know; and yet to leave John with the belief that his sister knew nothing was a kindness, and only John could convince Patty; and it was even a greater kindness to leave Patty with the belief that John knew nothing. So there he stood; friendship on the one side and love on the other. He recalled all the charming ways Patty had, the color of her hair, the light music of her laughter, the dancing shadows in her eyes, the transparent skin, the springy step, and the vigor and life that were hers. And he lost her, not through any direct fault, but because he was known to have been dissipated at one time; a shadow that would always be crossing and recrossing his path. So long as he lived he would carry that letter of hers, with its frank, girlish admiration.

So, he mused, those dissipations of his, which, after all, had touched him but lightly—these had, like chickens, come home to roost! And how these chickens had multiplied and grown! On the way home it seemed that everybody had striven to fatten them up a bit and add surreptitiously a chicken or two of his own. Oh, these meddlers, these idle tongues! None of them would set to work to wrong anybody, to wreck anybody's life. They would shrink in horror from the thought, let alone the deed. Yet, they must talk, they must exchange the day's news, they must have news that no one else had; and this competition is the cause of half the misery on earth. What if they exaggerated a little here and a little there? No harm is meant. Human nature, having found its speech, must have something to talk about; that which it has neither seen nor heard, it invents.

Who had written that letter to Patty? Some woman; man had not acquired such finished cruelty. He could not understand its purpose, well as he understood women. Who could possibly hate Patty, honest and loyal as the day is long? McQuade's letters had their existence in revenge. Patty had wronged no one; McQuade had.

"Well, Jove, old man, you and I may have to pack up tomorrow. If we are licked, you and I'll go to Japan. That's a country we've always been wanting to see."

Jove lifted his head, somewhat scarred, and gazed up at his master with steadfast love in his red-brown eyes. A dog is better than a horse, a horse is better than a cat, a cat is better than nothing. * * * Warrington sat up quickly, drawing in his legs. A whistle! He caught his breath and counted. One—two—three—four—five—six! * * * Donnelly! He counted no more. Donnelly had won.

His valet found him asleep in the chair the next morning, before a dead fire. It was cold in the room. The valet touched him, but Warrington did not move. It was only when he was roughly shaken that he opened his eyes. A single glance explained the situation. He jumped to his feet, rubbing his eyes.

"Will you have the morning papers, sir?"

"What's the use?" Warrington shrugged indifferently.

"The majority was only 682, sir."

"Then we had them mightily scared for a time. Odd that the 'phone did not wake me up."

"I took it off the hook, sir, at midnight. I knew it would disturb you."

"Go down town and bring me the sailing lists and a few cabin plans for ships bound for Japan. I intend to start for that country just as soon as I can dispose of the horses."

"Shall you need me, sir?"

"I couldn't get along without you, James."

"Thank you, sir. Breakfast is served, sir, if you wish it."

The telephone rang. The valet raised his eye-brows inquiringly.

"I'll answer it," said Warrington. "Who is it? Jordan? Oh! You can say that I put up the best fight I knew how. * * * No. Say nothing about the influence of the strike. Let it stand as it is. * * * My plans? You may say that I shall sail in a few days for Japan * * * Oh, yes! This is my home. I shall return in the spring. Change of scene, that's all. Good-by."

The defeated candidate at a respectable breakfast, after which he put his affairs in order. Trunks were brought down from the store room, and cases and steamer rolls. Warrington always traveled comfortably. He left the packing in charge of the valet.

A 10 o'clock edition of the Telegraph was being hawked outside, but Warrington had seen all he wanted of newspapers. By noon he had found a purchaser for his stable. The old housekeeper and her husband were to remain in care of the house. They were the only beings that loved him, now that the aunt was gone. Heigh-ho!

He declined lunch. He answered no more calls on the telephone. When Senator Henderson called the interview was pleasant but short.

"We'll try you again," said the senator genially.

"I'll think it over," replied Warrington.

"You'll win next time; you'll be stronger two years hence. You made a great fight. Bennington lost the fight for you. If he hadn't been your friend—"

"I had rather have John Bennington my friend than be president," laughing.

"There were six thousand-odd labor voters against you, and yet Donnelly's majority was only 682. Hope you'll enjoy your trip to Japan. But McQuade's

Continued on Page 3, Third Column.

COUGHED ALL NIGHT

Till This Recipe Was Tried. Cure Followed in 5 Hours.

A prominent medical man, who suffered with a severe cough and cold on the lungs, often being kept awake all night, and weakened by loss of sleep, finally discovered a simple formula which will cure any cough in five hours by the clock. It is a laxative tonic cough syrup which can be made at home by anyone and the formula is here given for the benefit of those who pass sleepless nights in painful paroxysms. Those who have tried it say it is magical, and beats any high-priced, slow-acting cough medicine ever sold.

Mix in a bottle one-half ounce fluid wild cherry bark, one ounce compound essence cardiol and three ounces syrup white pine compound. Take twenty drops every half hour for four hours. Then take one-half to one teaspoonful three or four times a day. Give children less according to age. This will tone up and rid the system of deep-seated coughs every time.

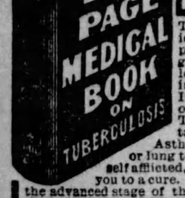
A SWEET BREATH

You may have it at little trouble and no expense—

as well as clean healthy teeth, free from germs of decay, and an antiseptically clean mouth, adding much to your personal attractiveness. To be sweet and clean use Paxtine, a specialty for dainty women and wholesome men.

Just write your name and address on a postal card and send it to The Paxton Toilet Co., 230 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass., and they will send you at once a trial box of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic—entirely without cost to you.

Tuberculosis Book FREE



This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Tuberculosis can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Tuberculosis, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Company, 3479 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free, and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

What will destroy the weevil in wheat and beans? Who will tell?—K., Milan, Ind.

Can anybody tell me how to tan deer skins black. I have some I would like to color for rugs.—K., West Salisbury, Vt.

I have a mare 12 years old that is sweeneyed in the shoulder and is lame. Is there any cure for it?—G., Bowersville, O.

CHESTNUTS IN INDIANA

In reply to a question which appeared in these columns recently, I wish to say that chestnut trees can be grown in northern Indiana. I have some more than a foot thick, that were set out 30 years ago. They began to bear when 10 years old. They grow best on the sides or tops of the hills.—Z., Columbia City, Ind.

BITTER MILK

V., Hightown, Va.: If you keep your cow where you are sure she will not have access to the manure heap, you will probably have no more trouble with bitterness in the milk. Some cows seem to satisfy an unnatural craving by eating manure-soaked cobs, fodder and straw, and this causes the milk to be bitter and makes the churning of the cream a tedious task. —W., Conway, O.

THE FARMER INSTITUTE

The season for farmer institutes is soon at hand. A splendid force of lecturers has been placed in the field. No progressive farmer can afford to miss these meetings. Better wages can be made by attending these institutes than can be made by staying at home. Business men and merchants are asked to urge and encourage interest in this work. There is gold in dirt if we will learn how to get it out. A farmer should strive to get upstairs in his business, the same as any man in any other corporation. A "plug" farmer has less beauty than a "plug" horse," and deserves less sympathy. Mr. Farmer, attend the institute and learn something for yourself or "send the other fellow what you know. Population increasing. Food supply decreasing. More consumers. Less producers. Exhausted soils. Small profits. Ignorant, careless farming destroys fertility. The clamor and demand and necessity for millions of dollars' worth of commercial fertilizer in Ohio is a warning of which heed should be taken. Farmers, above all others, should be able to truthfully say: "We know our business. New York state has many abandoned farms and deserted homes, because, from neglect and misuse, the soil has become absolutely unproductive. The deserted home is a sad spectacle. Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, Washington, is authority for the statement that in many sections of New York every third farm is deserted and thrown to waste. An eastern college president recently said that, on account of neglected and misused soil, the eastern states would soon be producing only "college diplomas and trained fools." By all means attend the institute. At each and every institute held in Ohio this year the state board of agriculture has given instructions that the work of the experiment station, the college of agriculture and the department of agriculture shall be fully explained.

Every citizen should know how these big institutions can help the farmer. Come to the institute and find out.—A. P. Sandles, Secretary Ohio Department of Agriculture.

THE FALL PIGS

Pigs are not quite worth their weight in gold, yet they have become so valuable during the last year that they are in great demand and can be made a source of much profit if they are fed and cared for properly, says the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean. The pig crop is shorter than usual this fall and the hogs into which they will grow are going to be worth money next year. The pig this year can be sold on the open market or to private individuals at almost any age at a good price.

About the only difference between the handling of fall and spring pigs is that the fall pigs must have warmer shelter. Also, from the fact that pastures at this season are drying instead of beginning to grow, the pigs must be supplied with a greater variety of feeds to make up for what they would get on green pasture.

A great many pigs do not do as well as they might on account of becoming affected with worms and other parasites. The pens and houses in which the young fall pigs are kept should be clean and free from contamination. They should be cleaned out and the cleanings hauled to the garden or fields immediately. If they have previously been occupied by hogs or pigs they should be disinfected with lime. Suspicious pens and houses should be treated with a light sprinkling of crude carbolic acid. The pig that becomes infested with worms will not properly grow and make the best out of the feeds given it. Lime is much cheaper than corn and other feeds, and a barrel of lime sprinkled on the ground and floor of the sow and pig house may save ten bushels or more of corn, besides lime is a good thing to be mixed with the manure to be placed on the land. In this way a double benefit is derived from the lime. Feeding charcoal, salt, ashes and sulphate of iron in proper amounts and at proper intervals will promote general health and act as a worm repellant. Charcoal and ashes may be in the pen at all times. Sulphate of iron may be given in slops, about a small handful to a dozen of pigs once a week. Never feed ashes in slops, except in very small amounts, as the potash in wood ashes in large amounts injures the intestines. Salt may be mixed with dry ashes and charcoal, or given in the slops in very small amounts. Coal ashes and cinders and pure coal may be dumped into the pen in a clean place for the pigs to work over at will. They will eat a considerable amount of them, from which they derive some necessary mineral foods.

Fall pigs come at a time when the weather is gradually growing colder, hence they will need good, warm shelter. Above all the sow and pig houses should be thoroughly dry and protected from cold winds. Any animals can stand much more cold in dry than in damp quarters. Heat is required to keep away the cold, and the warmer and more comfortable the pigs are kept the more they will grow on the feeds given them. They should also have abundant space and clean grounds for daily exercise for the development of frame and good digestive, breathing and circulatory organs. The well fed pig that is not allowed wide range for exercise, will readily succumb to disease and never grow into a large framed hog.

As soon as the fall pigs begin to show an inclination to eat, begin to feed them skim milk, if you have any to spare. If milk slops or water—only very small amounts in the beginning, increasing as they grow older and larger. If roots, cabbage or any green feeds are to be had, feed a little of them during the winter. The young pigs may be allowed to eat a little corn, but the aim should be to give feeds that will promote general growth and build up a large frame and healthy constitution. Milk, shorts, tankage, oil meal, green stuff and things that contain a large percentage of protein, with bulk are what the growing animal needs. Keep the pigs growing without check right through the fall and winter, but never stuff or overfeed them. Save heavy feeding for the finishing period.

CARE OF COWS

During the summer and other seasons when the weather is mild it is the custom on many farms to allow the cows to remain in the barn lot over night. Also, often this lot lies between the dwelling and the barn, in which case the area becomes very objectionable. The manure which accumulates in a lot where the cows spend the night soon becomes a nuisance, besides being wasted.

It is best either to stall the cows during mild weather or to turn them out to pasture at night after the milking is done. In the stalls the manure will not be scattered over large areas about the place and will be in a position to be saved. If the cows are turned into the pasture for the night, the manure will be so far removed from the home that it will not be a nuisance, and it will be on the ground, where none of it will be wasted and where it will do the most good with the least amount of work.

If the cows are to be stalled during the entire year, the stable must be well ventilated, so the animals will not suffer with heat at night. This can be easily done by providing plenty of doors and windows. Keeping them stalled at times when they could be let out will make extra work in handling the manure, but the compensation comes in being able to keep the surroundings neat and sanitary and also in having the cows where you want them in the morning for milking.

CARE OF POULTRY

With more grain and less soft food of tender grass and insects, the poultry yard should be well supplied with grit, for the perfect grinding of the feeds. We usually have a load of mixed sand and gravel hauled from the river, which will last the flock all winter, says a writer in the Chicago Inter Ocean. In the gravel of the river from which we have ours hauled there is quite a large proportion of small and broken shells. As soon as the load is dumped in the yards the chickens go at it, and never stop until they have scratched it all over and over. Within a few weeks the wagon load of gravel has been so scattered out by the hens that there appears to be only a few bushels of it left.

In late fall and early winter the water supply on the open range becomes very short and very bad. The few pools which do exist are full of all kinds of poisons and disease. Nearly all of them are polluted by the hens themselves, some of which are diseased, and cases of cholera and other complaints are the result. Often the water holes dry away entirely, and then the fowls suffer for water and we suffer a low egg yield. It is a good plan to fill up all small water holes with earth around where poultry are accustomed to range and to supply them daily from the well with all the pure water they will drink. Use vessels large enough, and have enough of them, so that they will never be dry from one day's end to another. If plenty of good water is at hand they will not drink the bad.

At this season the green feed is becoming scarce unless there is a field of oats, rye or wheat near the house. If any of these crops are growing near the poultry will not need any other green feed till after hard freezing weather. A good patch of early sown rye will often furnish them all the green feed they will want except when the snow is on the ground. When none of these crops are near enough for forage, we save all the cabbage leaves and all other green stuff from the kitchen and feed it to the hens daily. There is nothing like green feed to keep chickens healthy and to make them lay when wheat or other substantial grains are fed with it. An armful of clover chaff from the barn floor placed in the henhouse daily as soon as cold weather comes will help greatly to balance the feed ration.

I have several large pans of skim milk placed in the poultry yard every day for the chickens to drink. Skim milk used in this way will bring as large returns as when fed to other farm animals. By each evening the pans are dry, showing that the chickens like it. When they have all the fresh, sweet skim milk they will drink they are not so apt to drink foul water from holes on the range.

Common hens are all right, but pure bred stock is better. We take more interest in nice things when we have them, and in taking the interest we invariably give more care. If the hens are all common ones, we just let them get along the best way they can, but if they are good ones we are careful to see that they have the very best of everything. Since they get the best they do well and we are proud of them.

THE SAND PEAR

The sand pear is the only pear that is practically free from blight. It is a very rapid and continuous grower. It is a prolific bearer and requires less attention and will stand more abuse than any other fruit tree known.

The sand pear comes into bearing at an early age, and at 10 years old ordinary trees will yield from 10 to 20 bushels of pears. The trees usually begin to bear at five years of age. The sixth year each tree will net 25 cents, the seventh year 50 cents, and the eighth year $1, the ninth year $2 and tenth year $4 per tree. By planting 24 feet apart 75 trees can be set to the acre. This would give a net return of $300 per acre the tenth year, which would be equal to a $5,000 investment at 6 per cent. This is a very conservative estimate. We have seen ten-year-old trees at different places which yielded from 10 to 20 bushels, and large trees which yielded from 30 to 50 bushels.

Ten acres of the sand pears at the above conservative estimate would bring $3,000 income, or be equal to a $50,000 investment, at 6 per cent.

BRUSH FOR SOIL WASH

There is nothing quite so good as fine brush to catch and hold soil wash. Where small trees are used to fill a gully the top of the tree should be placed toward the head of the gully, so that all soil and trash coming down will be caught in the forks of the branches. If the tree is placed in the opposite direction the descending trash will slip more easily by and over it. For the same reason, in filling a gully with brush and branches, the tops of the brush should be placed upstream.

Where gullies have been formed during the summer by soil washing it is well to fill them as early as possible in the fall while the leaves are still on the brush with which they are filled. When they are filled early and before the leaves of the trees have fallen, many leaves, as well as grass and weeds that may be blown about the fields by fall and winter winds will be caught in the brush to decay, will help fill and to form good soil. The brush itself will decay in a year or two, so that when the gully is filled it cannot only be plowed over, but will become the best of soil. Never fill a gully with soil, unless some brush or similar material is put in the bottom to hold the soil.

In mending a steep place in the roadside, briers, brush and all fence row mowings make good material to lay down to place the dirt upon. If rocks are available it is best to first lay brush in the place to be filled, then place the rocks upon the brush, and last the dirt upon the rocks and brush. These will hold and bind the dirt until it becomes settled and firm, and it will be less subject to washing and being cut up by travel in wet weather. Never burn a bit of brush on the place, but put it to some good use.

THE HANDY WAGON

Every farmer knows that there are numberless odd jobs about the place that require the use of a wagon where the bed will be close to the ground, so as to make the lift as short as possible; in other words, something is wanted that will be convenient and handy and strong enough to stand all kinds of knockabout work. That need has been met with the low wheel wagon and has made it practically indispensable for general farm use. It can be used for hauling fodder, manure, hay and grain, gathering apples and hauling basket fruit, clearing the fields of stones and stumps and carrying tools and timber for fixing up fences. An old job say, like hauling away a fallen tree. Then there is nothing that fills the bill better for all kinds of work in the corn field, there is no earthly reason why a man should lift the corn as high as his shoulder when the low wagon will permit him to perform the labor in the same amount of time, to say nothing of the saving of wear and tear on a man's back and body. When it is remembered that the ordinary wheels are 54 inches high in the rear and these low wheels only 32, a man can figure out in an instant that there is a lifting space of 22 inches saved with the low wagon, and certainly in the course of a year that means something that cannot be counted out in dollars and cents. Almost every year a

HE LANDLUBBERS

ntinued from First Page.

the sea. The night was so still
e water was so high that we
the faint splash as they sank.
lle Gately was the first to
and she said only: "Oh, wait
ow what," and snatching up a
, she vanished toward the
She soon returned, wet nearly
waist, but, as she dropped
gged on the deck, displayed
umph a pack of cards.
going to tell our fortunes—I
do when I—when I've nothing
do. You first, Dick. Cut.

shuffled the cards, and spread
on the deck. "What stupid
!"
ad one?" asked Dick, humor-
a good one—it's only the good
at are stupid! Here you are,
Harding, the queen of
right next our young friend
the ten of hearts—and a lot of
—and his wish—and—oh, that's
than your share! Now you!"
the cards.
you and the king of spades!
r old ten of hearts! And your

sh is the wish card?"
ight of hearts, when it comes
, like that—and now, clear the
for the queen of diamonds."
poor queen of diamonds!' She
buck at all; the pack would
thing but black cards, and
t of hearts, after many compli-
erations, appeared only at the
end of a wide arc at whose
d lay the queen of diamonds.
fully glad," said poor Flossie
"that I always maintained it
e wildest superstition! Why,
happened?"
alls of our little bright cage
some shining but opaque. Si-
ealthily, there had been woven
the day's heat and the sea a
hite curtain of fog; it had
own upon us, shutting out all
rld from our three selves, seem-
st us off from time as well as
As it crept and clung upon us,
us with its silvery tissue, we
ave been three souls decked for
across the Styx.
ll we put out the lights?" ven-
Flossie Gately, and I knew she
inking of that other fog, ten
gone.
" said Dick sharply. I had
efore heard him speak sharply
eared at him in amazement. He
e, and beads of moisture stood
on his forehead. "For God's
e panted, "leave the lights—
."
swer Flossie Gately rose, and
g a rug about her over her
thing, went out into the shadow
ight.
do you want the lights left,
I ventured to ask.
my heart's desire!" he mocked sadly. "Will you set them—the whole eight—up on that hatchway—they show better!"

"Dick—you don't think—"

He laid a hand on my lips. "Don't speak of it—do it! Blessed be rank superstition!" I obeyed him, a new, fluttering hope at my heart, and then sat down by him again in silence. He drew my head down on his shoulder, but did not speak. The hope that was in me, though I feared to dwell upon it, was warm and soothing, and before I was aware that I was drowsy I had slept.

The whole thing was utter nonsense, a gloomy, horrid dream. It was bad weather, the sailor said it was, and very wearing on all that crowd of pale, silent people—especially that one silent, pale, neatly dressed man, who laid a cold hand upon me, his eyes being tight shut all the while, and began to shake me, while a woman—surely I knew her—was shouting, shouting—as if I were deaf, or stupid, or sleepy—and I was only very angry.

"Wake up—wake up—listen!"

As if I were not awake!—but in a moment I was waking, and I was being shaken, and Dick was saying, "Poor little girl!" and Flossie Gately was saying "Listen!"

Trembling faintly into our tiny circle of brightness came, from the immense dark distance the sound of a fog-horn. And again. And yet again—just the merest breathing.

We held our breath to listen. For several minutes we listened, pressing each other's hands at each repetition, saying under our breath to each other, as if the sound might be frightened away, "Listen—oh, do listen!"

It was now the beginning of the dawn; we knew it less by any access of light than by a recurrent sense of the fog, the feeling that when there should at last be something to see, the veil, growing at every moment more tangible and visible, would shut us off form it. Our few lanterns could not, we knew, be seen a hundred yards off.

Yet, as the minutes passed, the sound did not cease; it even seemed, as the silver walls about us began to reflect less and to gleam with another faint, translucent glow, that it came nearer. But still it was far, far out of the range of a human voice.

Of all the straining agony of the weeks spent upon that empty hulk I think that last hour or two was the worst and hardest to bear. I found my cheeks wet from time to time with weary, stupid tears; my throat ached with mute questionings. How breathlessly we waited after each long-drawn call, and what hope welled wearily up again as it was repeated as loudly as before! I was so exhausted in spirit that each little return of hope seemed like a heart-beat of the dying, a pitiful, sickly doomed thing. I found myself thinking that soon I should not care.

As the daylight grew brighter we were best by a new fear—that the fog might pass before we could be found, and that the stranger ship might quicken her speed and leave us. We were past prayer, almost past desire, but I think that if the fog had rolled up to show us an empty sea we would have fallen upon the deck and died of sheer heart-break.

But the fog did not lift, and the horn was nearer—nearer still. And below it we could now hear another sound, the measured throb of engines, borne to us upon the smooth waters.

The last of our lanterns had gone out—it was broad day, still and gray and strange, and our faces as we looked into each other's eyes were still and gray and strange.

Dick looked swiftly away and shouted aloud. But his voice was weak, and it quickly broke. Flossie Gately cried out, a long, wild cry, which might have been taken for the wail of a seabird. The horn's next blast seemed to our strained ears and tortured nerves to have grown the least bit fainter.

"This won't do!" Dick jerked out. "There's another way to make a noise." He took a few hasty steps in the direction of the stairs, then came back, very white. "I was thinking of that drawer in the buffet—I forgot it was all under water 12 hours ago!"

I slipped my hand in his. "There's one thing left to do—we can sing!" said I.

And we sang. We began with The Watch on the Rhine. We did not bother with the words, but it was a good, mouth-filling, carrying tune, and the sound of our voices relieved and strengthened us. We sang with aching throats and streaming eyes and bounding pulses; we no longer listened to the fog horn, we felt its tremors and they did not lessen. And then, all at once, came two short, sharp blasts.

"They hear us!" breathed Flossie Gately.

"Don't stop—don't stop!" cried Dick. "They've got to get our bearings—keep it up! Give 'em The Star Spangled Banner."

We gave them The Star Spangled Banner, and Columbia, and the Marseillaise, and My Country, 'Tis of Thee, and then began The Watch on the Rhine all over again. We were singing harshly now, in flat, tired voices, wet-cheeked, with queer catches in our tired throats and burning eyes, with some eccentricities as to time, and longer and longer pauses between the verses. Into one of these pauses there came a deep-throated hail:

"Ahoy, there!"

It was the first human voice, save our own and one now hushed, that we had heard for many weeks. Back of it sounded the soft creak of the oars trembling in the rowlocks—even the drip of the wet blades. They were under our side, to starboard.

Dick answered with a hoarse shout. As Flossie Gately rushed to the side, he turned to me and held out his hands. "Polly—Polly—it's—God!"

I drew his tired, twitching face for a moment against mine. "Oh, Dick—Dick."

It was the Castanea, an English tramp, on her way back to Hull from Genoa. The fog did not lift, and, with the horn still sounding, we steamed slowly away from the brave and loyal and patient ship who had sheltered us in her own death agony, in whose bosom we had learned the heights and the depths of life and of ourselves. Alone she was to drift out her few hours of life, alone into the fog she went, torn and plundered, with decay already rife within her and the starving rats whisking and squeaking and scurrying upon her deck.

And we were going Home.

THE END.

Mammoth Whiskey Offer That Is Bringing Us 100,000 New Customers

Because, without a doubt, it is an offer, quality and quantity considered, that has never before been equalled by any whiskey concern in the world.

OUR SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

4 FULL QUARTS Mellow Springs Whiskey $2.25
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Think of it! On the 12-quart order this fine whiskey for only 52 cents a quart.

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Maycliffe Dist. Co., 260 S. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

2 Full Bottles LACKLAND Straight Kentucky Whiskey →100 PROOF← $4.20

A Record Breaking Whiskey Offer

This offer is bringing us thousands of new regular whiskey customers, forever before in the history of the whiskey business has it been equalled. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We want to prove to you what a rich, pure and delicious whiskey this really is.

Send us $4.20 and we will at once express 12 Full 16-oz. Bottles of our pure, mellow, 100-Proof Straight LACKLAND KENTUCKY WHISKEY, guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law and pronounced by competent judges to be the finest, the most wholesome and most delicious whiskey ever distilled, you may return this if it is not a blend, compound or imitation, but a pure, straight, 100-Proof whiskey and guaranteed so. This is the same fully matured whiskey which is so highly recommended by physicians for medicinal purposes on account of its purity and full strength. No better whiskey to be had.

After you receive the whiskey and drink one full bottle and put to any test you desire, if you do not say that it is the finest whiskey you ever tasted, regardless of price, you may return the other eleven bottles and we will promptly refund your money without a question. Remember, we guarantee every bottle of Lackland Whiskey to be absolutely pure. It is not the weak, watery kind, but is of full strength in all shipments made same day order is received, in plain sealed package. Make remittance payable to

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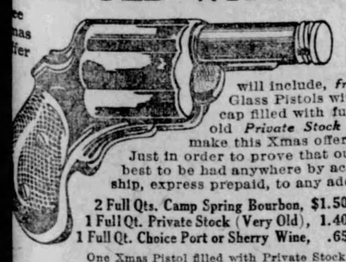

We wish to announce to all our customers, that with every order received between now and Dec. 31st, 1909, we will include, *free*, one of these Glass Pistols with nickled Screw cap filled with full half pint rare old *Private Stock 1890*, and also make this Xmas offer to every reader. Just in order to prove that our whiskey is the best to be had anywhere by actual test, we will ship, express prepaid, to any address—

2 Full Qts. Camp Spring Bourbon, $1.50
1 Full Qt. Private Stock (Very Old), 1.40
1 Full Qt. Choice Port or Sherry Wine, .65
Only $2.75

Shipped same day order is received

One Xmas Pistol filled with Private Stock 1890, Free.

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Full Quart Bottles: 4 Quarts Camp Springs Whiskey; 2 Quarts Private Stock, Very Old; 2 Quarts Choice Port or Sherry Wine. The Pistol Free, filled with Private Stock 1890. $5.00

EXPRESS PREPAID

We guarantee this whiskey to be pure, straight Kentucky goods, no blend, compound nor mixture—fully aged and matured. This is just the finest assortment for Xmas and we guarantee the goods to meet your most critical taste; if not entirely satisfactory, return the whiskey after sampling and get your money back. With each shipment a beautiful Xmas Glass Pistol, corkscrew free. Goods shipped in plain, sealed packages.

CONSUMERS DIST. CO., 1442 Lucas Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

GREATEST OFFER YET

A GALLON STONE'S EXTRA PRIME WHISKEY $1.95
AS GOOD AS ANY $4.00 WHISKEY.....
Positively not more than 3 gallons at this price.

We make this great offer to get our whiskey introduced. Absolutely Pure, Rich and Mellow. Taste it, and if it is not the best whiskey you have ever had at double the price, send it back at our expense and your money will be returned by first mail. We do not ship C. O. D. or on credit.

Reference—National Bank of Commerce, Kansas City, Mo., or any express company.

STONE MERCANTILE CO., 39 Stone Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

HALF A ROGUE

Continued from Second Page.

back again!" discouraged.

"Senator, if he acts nasty in any way, go to him personally and tell him that upon application at the bank you will open my deposit box. He'll understand; he'll be as docile as a lamb. And thank all the boys for their good work. I appreciate the honor that has been done me. To have been a candidate is something."

By 3 o'clock Warrington found time to sit down at his desk to write three letters. One was addressed to McQuade, another to John, Hotel da la Syrene, Sorrento, Italy. The third he began after some deliberation:

"Patty. Presently I shall be on my way to Japan. I was going without a word because I had given a promise to your brother John. But it is not within human nature, at least mine, to leave without telling you again that I love you better than life, and that I am innocent of the wrong you were so ready to believe. Some day ask John; tell him that I have broken my word; he will tell you how truth was made a lie. I realize now that I ought to have stood my ground. I ought to have nailed the lie then. But my proofs were not such as would do away with all doubts. And besides, when I saw that you had believed without giving me the benefit of a doubt, I was angry. And so I left you, refusing to speak one way or the other. John will tell you. And if my cause is still in your thought and you care to write, mail you letter to my bankers. They will forward it. And if I should have the happiness to be wanted, even if I am at the ends of the world, I shall come to you."

He did not sign it, but he read it over carefully. There was nothing to cut, nothing to add. He folded it, then laid his head on his extended arms. A door opened and closed, but his ear was dull. Then everything became still. Scientists have not yet fully explained what it is that discovers to us a presence in the room, a presence hat we have neither seen nor heard enter. So it was with Warrington. There was no train of collected thought in his mind, nothing but stray snatches of this day and of that, the picture of a smile, a turn in the road, the sound of a voice. And all at once he became conscious that something was compelling him to raise his head. He did so slowly.

A woman was standing within a dozen feet of the desk.

"Patty!" he cried, leaping to his feet, bewildered.

Patty did not move. Alas, she had left all her great bravery at the threshhold. What would he think of her?

"Patty!" he repeated. "You are here?"

"Yes." All the blood in her body seemed to congest in her throat. "Are—is it true that you are going to Japan?" If he came a step nearer she was positive that she would fall.

"Yes, Patty; it is as true as I love you. But let us not speak of that," sadly.

"Yes, yes! Let us speak of it!" a wild despair in her voice and gesture. "Let us speak of it, since I do nothing but think of it, think of it, think of it! Oh! I am utterly shameless, but I cannot fight any longer. I have no longer any pride. I should despise you, but I do not. I should hate you, but I cannot. * * * No, no! Stay where you are."

"Patty, do you love me?" There was a note in his voice as vibrant as the second string of a 'cello.

"Yes."

"Do you still believe that I am a blackguard?"

"I care not what you are or what you have been; nothing, nothing. It is only what you have been to me and what you still are. Something is wrong; something is terribly wrong; I know not what it is. Surely God would not let me love you as I do if you were not worthy."

"No," he replied gravely; "God would not do that."

Tears rolled down Patty's cheeks, but there was no sound.

"Here, Patty; read this letter which I was about to send you."

She accepted it dumbly. Then, throuhg her tears there came wonder and joy and sunshine. When she had done, he held out his hand for the letter; but she smiled and shook her head.

"No, Richard; this is my first love letter."

THE END.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

COLORADO

Please tell what you can about the climate and the land in Colorado.—R. E. H., Stroud, Okla.

The air of the mountainous part of Colorado is thin, dry and cool and many sanitoriums have been built for people who need the air. The summer days are sometimes hot, but as the dry air and the bare rocks caused such a rapid radiation, the nights are always cool and dewless. It is not very cold in the winter, the frost season is short, and the snows are seldom deep and soon melt except on the mountains. The rainfall is about the same throughout the state. In many of the mountain regions agriculture can be carried on without irrigation, but it is better with it.

About two-thirds of the land is used for grazing as the pasturage lasts well into the winter. The soil of the plains is mostly sandy loam with some clay. Along the streams the soil is very rich, but the rainfall is not sufficient and irrigation is needed, but is scarcely feasible there except along a few large streams, or near the mountains. The land near the mountain streams has been greatly improved lately by the method of irrigation being employed.

OLEOMARGARINE

Please explain the manufacture of oleomargarine.—W. J., St. Cloud, Florida.

Oleomargarine is a mixture of fats used as a substitute for butter. The caul fat of freshly killed beeves is, after thorough washing, first in tepid water and then in iced water, allowed to stand in a cold room until thoroughly cold. It is then rendered between a temperature of 130 and 175 degrees F. The resulting oil is allowed to cool slowly until a considerable portion of the stearin and palmatin has crystalized out, and the pasty mass is then subjected to hydraulic pressure. The still fluid, about two thirds of the whole) flows out into a tank of cold water, where it solidifies into a granulated mass known to the trade as "oleo" oil or just simply "oleo." The name "oil" is somewhat misleading, as the product is a granular solid of a slightly yellow color. Fresh leaf treated in exactly the same way as the beef tallow, yields the "neutral" lard, or "neutral" of the trade, also in a granular solid of a white color. The objects of this treatment are two-fold—first, to produce fats as free as possible from taste and odor; second, to remove some of the difficult fusible stearin and palmatin, in order that the finished product may melt readily in the mouth. The "oleo" and the "neutral" thus mixed, the proportions varying according to the destination of the product; a warm climate calling for more "oleo," a cold one for more "neutral," and to flavor the mixture with butter. This flavoring is done in large, steam-jacketed vessels provided with revolving paddles, by which their contents can be thoroughly agitated. Here the "oleo" and the "neutral" are thoroughly agitated with a certain proportion of milk, or sometimes cream, and a proper amount of butter color. Forty-eight gallons of milk to 2,000 pounds of product are stated to be a common proportion. After sufficient agitation the melted mass is run into cold water, and as it cools is broken up by paddles so as granulate the mass. After thorough washing it is salted and worked exactly like butter. The product is the oleomargarine. More pure butter is added when "butterine" is the product desired.

THE MEXICAN WAR

Will you please give a sketch of the war between the United States and Mexico?—C. B., Rutland, O.

The Mexican war was in progress from April, 1846, to September, 1847. The cause of the war was the revolt of Texas from Mexico and the annexation of that state to the Union. Besides revolting Texas claimed and carried into the Union with her far more extended territory than had been accorded in the original Mexican arrangements. The year previous to the opening of the war President Polk sent a representative to Mexico to treat with President Herrera concerning some indemnity for Texas and also to negotiate for California. This person was not received, for a soldier had succeeded Herrera. Polk at once ordered General Taylor to advance through the disputed territory, and take possession on the left bank of the Rio Grande river. Here he was attacked by the Mexicans under Arista, and portion of his forces were captured. While Taylor struck Mexico General Kearney marched into New Mexico, conquered the whole country, raised the United States flag, and proceeded to California, which was speedily conquered, chiefly through the efforts of Lieutenant Fremont. Scott now assumed command of the army in Mexico, but Taylor continued to command in the north. Taylor fortified himself at Corpus Christi for a time in the defence of Texas, but later advanced into the heart of Mexico, leaving a garrison at Fort Brown, opposite Matamoras. This place was afterward bravely defended by Major Brown. The battle of Palo Alto was the first great battle of the war, ocurring May 8, 1846. The Mexicans, under Ampudia and Arista, were defeated. They followed in quick succession the battles of Resaca de la Palma, Buena Vista, and a number of lesser fights, all disastrous to the Mexican cause. Thus Taylor penetrated into northern Mexico. Then Scott landed at Vera Cruz and marched on the Mexican capital. Santa Anna, the Mexican general, was badly defeated at the battles of Cerro Gordo, Confreras and Churubusco. Finall, General Scott, after a series of brilliant victories, marched on the City of Mexico, arriving in August, 1847. After detailed operations of siege and bombardment the capital surrendered September 14, thus terminating the war.

THE NETHERLANDS

Please give an explantion of the government of Holland.—M. H. T., Rhodes, Iowa.

The Netherlands is a constitutional monarchy. The executive power is laid wholly with the sovereign, who shares also the work of legislation with the states-general. These consist of two chambers, the upper with 50 and the lower with 100 members. The members of the upper chamber are elected by the provincial states from among the most highly assessed inhabitants of the various counties, and the others are elected by ballot, at the rate of one deputy to every 45,000 souls.

PAUL L. DUNBAR

Will you please give me a short sketch of Paul L. Dunbar?—H. P., Dalton, Pa.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, the American author, was born of negro parents, at Dayton, O., June 27, 1872. In 1891 he was graduated from the high school at Dayton, and after that he devoted himself to literature and journalism. He was placed on the staff of the librarian of congress in 1898. Dunbar died in 1906.

ARTIFICIAL ICE

Will you please describe in full the details of making artificial ice?—W. D. V., Milan, Ind.

In the making of artificial ice it is freed from every trace of foreign substance, solid or gaseous. To reduce it to a condition of absolute purity the water is first boiled and allowed to settle. It is then distilled, boiled again and run through three kinds of filters. Underneath the middle space of the freezing room there is a series of tanks. These contain a strong solution of brine, and through it run scores of pipes, which are charged with liquid ammonia gas. When this volatile chemical leaves the engine room it is in the form of a fluid, but in making its long journey through the pipes which thread their way through the brine it evaporates into gas. The evaporating process within absorbs so much heat from the surrounding salt and water that the distilled water in the rectangular ice-cans submerged in the brine is congealed into the finest ice. Each can of distilled water remains in its cold bath about 48 hours. Then, by means of a traveling hoist, the cans are raised from the tanks; the hoist, traveling forward, drops them for an instant in a well of hot water to loosen the contents, raises them to the floor, the cans are uncovered and overturned and out of each slips a steaming cake of ice as transparent as a pane of French plate glass.

No Matter

what Liver or Bowel medicine you are using, stop it *now*. Get a 10c box—week's treatment—of CASCARETS today from your druggist and learn how easily, naturally and delightfully your liver can be made *to work*, and your *bowels* move every day. There's *new life* in every box. CASCARETS are nature's helper. You will *see the difference!* 883

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

FITZ-JOHN PORTER

Will you please give a brief biography of Fitz-John Porter?—I. C. M., Johnson City, Tenn.

Fitz-John Porter, an American soldier, was born June 13, 1822, and died May 21, 1901. In 1845 he graduated from West Point. He then held various military positions, his rank at the same time increasing until he was a brigadier general at the time the civil war began. He was soon made a major general. On November 27, 1862, Porter was arraigned before a court-martial at Washington on the charge of disobeying orders at the second battle of Bull Run. In the following January he was cashiered from the army on the charge of violating two articles of war, and was forbidden to hold any position of trust under the government of the United States. This sentence remained unaltered for years. Its justice was much debated. Numerous appeals were made for the reopening of the case, and Porter himself several times petitioned for a reversal of the judgment. While Grant was President he declined to reopen the case but published an article during his second term, stating that evidence vindicated Porter of the charges against him. Under President Hayes, a military board acquitted Porter of all fault save unwise criticism of his superior. In 1882 President Arthur remitted the sentence so far as disabilities to hold office was concerned, but a bill for Porter's relief failed to pass. A subsequent bill was vetoed by President Arthur on a technicality. A third bill was, however passed and signed by President Cleveland. Another act made Porter a colonel of the regular army, to rank from 1861. He was placed on the retired list the same year.

MISCELLANEOUS

P. D. Y., Warrington, W. Va.: You can force as much water through two three-inch pipes as you can through one six-inch pipe, but there must be more force employed to do it, as there is more friction in the smaller pipes.

B. M., Panther, W. Va.: The Hudson Bay company has trading posts throughout Canada at the present time for the purpose of trading with the Indians for furs.

T. R. H., Cameron, W. Va.: The British government refuses mail with the red cross stamps because of their similarity to postage stamps.

W. B. P., Monmouth, Ill.: Rome was governed between the years 264 B. C. and 13 B. C. by two consuls at one time, later by triumvirs, and still later by emperors. During part of the time the senate had more power than any of these. A dictator ruled also for part of the time.

W. G. L., Corsica, Pa.: You will have to write to the attorney generals of the states you mention for the information you want. Their addresses are the capital cities of their respective states.

A. M., Ebensburg, Pa.: Every locality has customs which are to be followed at funeral services, but it is better form to remove your hat at these services.

C. H. K., Mansfield, O.: The highest elevation in Ohio is in Logan county, in the western part of the state. The altitude there is 1,540 feet.

S. B., Bluford, Ill.: Write to the war department, Washington, D. C.

J. C. M., Jackson Center, Pa.: You will have to consult some druggist for the answer to your question.

C. W. L., Westmoreland, Tenn.: We think that the persons getting the highest rating will be appointed to the positions as rural carriers.

STILL A MYSTERY

Precise Nature of the Aurora Borealis Not Yet Determined.

Portland Oregonian.

Among the few natural phenomena which may still be properly called mysterious is the aurora borealis, or the northern lights, as it is popularly designated. Science has reduced, under law and order, almost anything that we see or hear, but this spectacle of the arctic heavens remains to be explained. The ancients looked upon it with superstitious awe, as they did, in fact, upon everything that happened, while our still less enlightened predecessors of the middle ages, of course, thought an auroral display was a manifestation of the wrath of the Creator. If the Creator had been as busy as those wretched people thought He was in displaying signs of His wrath, it is difficult to see how He could have found time to attend to the ordinary routine of the universe. To their minds His temper must have been something frightful.

One queer thing about the aurora is the fact that for a century or two before the Voyages of the modern polar explorers began it was not nearly so commonly observed as it is now. At least, there is little mention of it among the records of scientific men. One might imagine, if he were fanciful enough that nature had arranged the auroral displays which are now such a magnificent spectacle in the northern heavens to compensate travelers in part for her shortcomings in other particulars round about the pole.

All arctic explorers make a great deal of the thern lights. They are visible in the extreme north with a frequency and brilliancy which are seldom rivaled in lower latitudes, still even in the temperate zone they sometimes present a marvelous display. Examples are recorded where the aurora has covered the whole expanse of the sky with rosy light which shifted about in the most amazing manner. Sometimes great waves of fire appear to chase one another across the sky. Sometimes what looks like a lake of radiant mist heaves and trembles as if it were disturbed by pent-up winds.

When one of these splendid auroras is seen in our latitudes we ought to be thankful to Providence for providing such a glorious spectacle free of charge, but as a matter of fact there are always multitudes of people whom it frightens nearly to death. Their first thought is that the end of the world is at hand, and instead of rejoicing they begin to call on the rocks to cover them. Superstition makes an abject creature of poor man, but it is a comfort to reflect that he is rapidly outgrowing it.

There is nothing in the aurora to be scared at, even when it is most brilliant. The old theory that it is composed of meteoric dust which has been ignited by striking the earth's atmosphere was plausible for a time, but savants no longer put much faith in it. They are disposed to explain the aurora as some sort of electrical phenomenon. As soon as the action of an electrical discharge in a vacuum tube had been studied, scienists felt that they were on the illumination in the tubes, now in a procession of strain, now in waves, now in long shooting streamers.

In fact, it is pretty certain to the modern mind that the aurora is some sort of emanation which will ultimately take its place among the varied types of radiant matter. It is probably composed of the same material as the tail of a comet, and it would surprise few men of science to find that the phenomenon is simply a display of electrons. Meanwhile, it makes the arctic night just as beautiful as it would if we knew all about it. If it is composed of electrons its connection with the earth's magnetic pole, which is a well-known fact, would be the most natural thing in the world.

Quite likely the earth sends off emanations into space from its north magnetic pole just as a Crookes tube sends them from cathode.

Queen Patron of Salvation Army.

London Daily News.

The aged dowager queen of Sweden, who has arrived in London and will spend a great part of the winter in this country, is a patron of the Salvation Army, which, owing to her support, has had considerable success in Sweden. At one time short of actually wearing the uniform she was out-and-out member of the Salvation Army, and contributed very largely to its funds. It is related that one day she heard of the army's conversion of a blind woman, and immediately ordered her to be brought to court.

SAYS STATE BANK SYSTEM NOT WHOLLY SUITED TO U. S.

Perhaps the greatest virtue and strongest asset of the Bank of England lies in its possession of the absolute confidence of the financial and commercial world, and of the general public it serves, writes the New York Post's Washington correspondent. Its prestige is absolute. There is an unshakable belief in its soundness, and the omniscience and infallibility of its management. Even at the darkest periods in his history there has never been any doubt of its solvency or the safety of the immense capital it controls. Yet the soundest economists and students of banking have declared that in its organization and administration the Bank of England leaves much to be desired.

Bagehot has not been alone in asserting that in theory nothing can be worse than the system of government of the Bank, and that: "So far from the government of the Bank of England being better than that of the other banks, as it ought to be, considering that its functions are much harder and graver, any one would be laughed at who proposed it as a model for the government of a new bank; and that government, if it were so proposed, would on all hands be called 'old-fashioned' and 'curious.'"

The defects of the Bank's government are known to everybody, yet no changes are made, for the sole apparent reason that the Bank and its management are absolutely satisfactory to those whom it serves. There is no demand for any changes. The Bank possesses the confidence of everybody. The decisions of the Bank management are accepted without question. It has been said that if the Bank directors were to sit for four hours at their weekly meeting, there would be "a panic solely from that."

This enviable position of the Bank of England in the esteem of its constituency must always be borne in mind in any consideration of any plan for reorganizing our own banking and credit system by taking over the accepted good features of the English and Continental institutions. As the head of one of the great Scotch banks remarked to your correspondent: "It is, of course, one thing to find a system of banking well adapted to a country in which the system has grown naturally, and it is another thing altogether to devise or construct a new system to suit the great financial requirements of the United States."

Not Wholly Suited to This Country.

Senator Aldrich evidently has been impressed by this truth, for he took occasion to explain to his hearers in Des Moines on November 11 that in referring to foreign banking systems he had no intention of adopting any of them. He said:

"In making this staement to you as to the character of these banks I do not want to leave any opportunity for any misunderstanding whatever. It is not the purpose of the commission—it certainly is not my purpose—to try to make any part of the American people believe that any of these systems could be adopted in the United States; certainly not without very important modifications. And I am not presenting to you this matter with a view to convincing you or of prejudicing you or leading you to think for a moment that I or any of the members of the commission believe that any of these systems could be adopted by the United States."

In any consideration of the possibility of adopting features of the European banking and credit system to our needs this psychological factor of confidence always must be considered. Before any account is given of the relations existing between the Bank of England and the government and between the Bank and the other bankers of Great Britain, it is not only desirable but necessary to lay emphasis upon the high regard in which the central bank is held by the whole country, how it is looked up to by the other bankers, and how it is depended upon in the gravest crises to do what should be done. Most important of all, when the Bank does take action its decision is not questioned by the other banks, by the customers of banks or by the financial houses. It can always count upon, and always receives, the unquestioning support of every element of the business and finance of the country.

Deposits Counted as Good as Cash.

A deposit in the Bank of England is regarded as so much gold. All of the other banks in Great Britain, with one exception, make a practice of setting down "cash in hand and at the Bank of England" as one item in their balance sheets, as if there was no difference between the actual holding of gold and a balance at the Bank of England. The other bankers never separate the two parts of this item, but it is known they keep only a small actual cash balance in their own strong boxes, and that the bulk of their available cash resources is in the form of credits on the books of the Bank of England. The Bank itself makes no separate return of the amount of bankers' balance it holds, but it is believed to average about £22,000,000. This however, is only an estimate of financial men in the city, based on their knowledge of the practice of the other banks and the general monetary position.

So great is the prestige of the Bank of England in Great Britain that it is enabled to communicate it to other banks, which keep deposits with it. Practically all of the English, Scotch, and Irish banks do keep an account with it. It is thought to confer a distinction upon a merchant or bill broker who is admitted as a depositor of the Bank. There is a firm conviction throughout the country that the government is behind the Bank, and that the Bank in its turn is behind the other banks, so that one of the chief requirements of any banking system, the full approbation and confidence of the public, is insured to a really remarkable degree.

The Bank's Government.

The supreme control of the affairs of the Bank rests with the governor, deputy governor, and court of twenty-four directors, who are elected annually by the stockholders. It is customary for a governor and deputy governor at the close of their first year of office to be re-elected for a further term of one year, and a deputy governor is usually elected to the office of governor on the completion of two years' tenure in the second place.

The Bank is divided into two great departments: That under the chief accountant, who is responsible for the management of the stocks forming the national debt and other registered stocks—home, Indian, colonial, etc. He also keeps the Bank's own accounts. That under the chief cashier, who has charge of the issue and payment of notes and all banking business, such as drawing accounts, loans, discounts, and all other matters involving dealings in cash.

In actual practice the selection of directors is confined to those who are, or have been, members of mercantile or financial houses, excluding bankers, brokers, bill discounters, or directors of other banks in the United Kingdom. New directors are always chosen from among the most promising young men in the city. When the deputy governor succeeds the governor, usually the oldest director becomes deputy governor. In the ordinary routine of rotation it is usually about twenty years from the time of a young man's election to the directory before he becomes governor. The young men have not much influence on the board.

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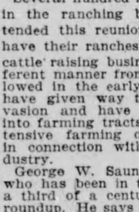

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T. GORHAM 400 Gorham Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

TEXANS WHO MADE MILLIONS REVIVE MEMORIES OF RANGE

San Antonio, Tex., Dec. 10.—One of the features of the big fair which was held here last week was a roundup of the old time cowmen. It was probably the last gathering of the survivors of the period when the longhorn herds roamed over the vast expanse of free grazing territory.

Several hundred men who were pioneers in the ranching business in Texas attended this reunion. Most of them still have their ranches, but they conduct the cattle raising business in an entirely different manner from that which they followed in the early days. Some of them have given way to the agricultural invasion and have divided their ranches into farming tracts; others are doing extensive farming on their own account in connection with their live stock industry.

George W. Saunders, of San Antonio, who has been in the cattle business for a third of a century, planned the great roundup. He says that he "went into the brush and up and down the rivers and creeks of the southwest hunting up the old timers and making them promise to come to attend the reunion." He found in remote localities veteran cowmen whom he had lost sight of long ago. He had a hard time "driving some of these old timers into the big herd," he says.

Millionaires Ride Like Boys.

The majority of the men present have made big fortunes in the cattle business. In the lot were more than a dozen millionaires. But few of them showed any outward signs of wealth. The more active of them rode their own horses and got around over town like the ordinary cowboy.

Mr. Saunders arranged an interesting program for these old timers. He wanted to give them a touch of the old days and to do so he collected a herd of several hundred head of cattle off a neighboring ranch and placed them on pasture at the fair grounds. He invited the veteran cowmen to join in a roundup and cutting out of this herd of cattle.

Prior to the cattle roundup exhibition the visitors held a meeting. It was at this reunion that Sam Maverick of San Antonio told of the origin of the word "maverick" which now means any animal found upon the range without a brand upon it. He said:

"My father owned a ranch down on the gulf coast country of Texas when I was a small boy in 1845. My father sold 400 head of cattle to a brother of Gen. Beauregard for $2,000. Mr. Beauregard got an outfit of sixty cowboys together and sent them out to drive into San Antonio the 400 cattle which he had bought from my father. Instead of going to the ranch and getting these cattle the outfit scoured the country all the way between San Antonio and the gulf coast for unbranded cattle, or 'loose' stock, as we called them then. Members of the outfit when asked what they were doing would answer that they were rounding up the Maverick cattle which Mr. Beauregard had bought. The Beauregard brand was put upon all of them, and the 400 which my father sold when added to the 'loose' ones which the outfit had gathered in made a large herd. They became known as the Maverick cattle and thereafter whenever a 'loose' animal was found upon the range it was known as a 'maverick.'"

Hopes to Meet Old Friends.

In the crowd of old timers was James Callan, who is known to almost every cowman in the west and southwest. He helped to drive out the Indians and make it possible for the establishment of ranches in the remote regions where the buffaloes formerly roamed in countless numbers. Mr. Callan said that it would not be many years until all the men of the early days would have passed to the unknown beyond. He hoped to see them all in the final roundup on the other side.

"As for me," he said, "I hope to go to that final roundup on horseback. I think if he will give me a small pony with a coffee pot hobbled to his neck and some mast fed bacon in the saddlebags, and get some good Texas woman to provide me with a sack of good milk biscuits, I will pretty near get to that place on the other side of the River Jordan."

When the exchanging of reminiscences was over the cattlemen went over to the pasture to witness and participate in the exhibition of rounding up and cuttin' out of the herd. More than a score of big snorting cowponies carried the older men to the scene. Some of those who rode horseback and did their full share of rounding up and cutting out the herd were up in the seventies, but they were through the job like youngsters. The grizzled veterans sitting comfortably in the automobiles carried on rallery and bandiage with the men on horseback. Good natured shouts went back and forth during the two hours that the exhibition was in progress. Picked horses from ranches all over the southwest were ridden in this roundup.

Tell Old Trail Stories.

In this crowd of cattlemen were many who had driven herds from south Texas as far north as Quincy, Ill., and still others who had driven cattle from Texas to Colorado,

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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Borrowing umbrellas won't improve a man's memory.

Alabama is neither dry nor wet. Something like 'alf and 'alf.

"We are at peace with all the world." Nicaragua doesn't count.

No chronic loafer was ever threatened with an attack of nervous prostration.

"Milwaukee's boy mayor buys a New York stock exchange seat for $96,000." Boys will be boys.

"Give Mr. Rockefeller credit," urges a southern newspaper. He doesn't need it; he can pay cash.

One finds very few people calling the hookworm by its scientific name—uncinara duodinalis.

If there is anything funnier than a little man with a big voice it is a big man with a little voice.

"Man wants but little here below." Usually a necktie or a pair of silk suspenders will satisfy him.

A New York minister married a couple in poetry. If they are ever divorced it will be in prose.

Harry Thaw is getting pretty tired of living among a lot of dull people who never created a sensation.

The doctors haven't as yet recommended a 1,600-foot fall from a flying machine as healthful exercise.

A southern newspaper wants lying eliminated from the game. But wouldn't that spoil the game?

If all men were liars there would be a lot of rivalry among them to see who could hold the record.

Some men are contrary enough to wake up in the middle of the night and argue with their own dreams.

If people are to be judged by their fruits, the man who invented the Ben Davis apple has something coming to him.

A New York heiress has announced that she will not marry King Manuel. It is believed the king is of the same opinion.

If heaven is half as beautiful as described, why should the spirits of the blessed want to come back to earth and tip tables?

"The time is ripe for a new political party," says a Boston man. Why spoil the blessed holiday season with such gloomy thoughts?

Some people would have us believe that kissing is more dangerous than football, but they fail to give a list of the killed and injured.

It may be worth mentioning that there is no record of the trusts having contributed anything to the government's conscience fund.

If stovaine, the new anesthetic, is as pleasant to take as they say it is, having an arm or a leg amputated ought to add to the joy of living.

Searching for the North Pole suggests itself as a fascinating method of whiling away the long winter evenings in the cozy corner at home.

Compelling the Congressional Record to pay postage at the rate of one cent a ton would also add considerable to the postoffice receipts.

Explorer Cook must be surprised to find so many people from Missouri, when the entire population of that state is less than four millions.

Kermit Roosevelt has shot a bongo. Kermit goes right ahead shooting things, notwithstanding he doesn't get a dollar a word for his hunting stories.

Mr. Taft's message will doubtless seem pretty tame to the distinguished gentleman who has become familiar with charging bull elephants and roaring lions.

A banking expert figures that a dollar today does twice the work it did three generations ago. Hereafter let us have mercy on the poor, overworked dollar.

A Michigan man complains that his wife loves her dog more than she loves him. But he is not unreasonable about it. He hasn't tried to poison the dog.

A lecturer is going around the country describing the perfect husband. But the perfect husband never gets to hear him. He stays at home and takes care of the baby.

Some persons feel that if they could only live to attend the funeral of the Standard Oil company they could die happy. Seems like a shame to tell them "there ain't going to be no funeral."

The farmers of the country raised nearly nine billion dollars' worth of crops during the year. But they had to work hard. They could not have accomplished such a grand result by sitting in the shade and talking politics.

A New Jersey debating society has decided that public opinion is not a good standard of right. But what does the decision amount to? Last winter the judges of a debating society voted two to one that the earth is flat.

NO CASE FOR IMMUNITY BATH.

President Taft is opposed to a congressional investigation of the sugar frauds for a very excellent reason—he desires to see everyone who has been involved in them punished.

Because of testimony given voluntarily the principals in the meat trust illegalities escaped. They had won immunity under the law and the trials were so much wasted energy and argument.

Those who are urging the congressional inquiry into the American Sugar Refining company's affairs consider it of more importance that the whole inquity be known than that certain officers and employes go to prison. The trust has employed politics to boost its profits as it has used government weighers and inspectors to reduce its customs duties. How far it has controlled the appointment of collectors and appraisers, is only guessed at, but as far back as the first Cleveland administration its power has been felt in Washington. Leslie Shaw, when secretary of the treasury, found himself up against a stone wall when he sought to give official backing to a government employe who had discovered frauds and wished to probe the depths of the criminal system. And Mr. Shaw admitted it. It has not mattered to the trust which party was in control—the American Sugar Refining company controlled the customs appointees of the party. In the New York state organizations were men who saw that the trust was cared for, saw it had the weighers and appraisers on its docks who were amenable to "suggestion."

The trials of indicted persons will bring out much of this scandal. The whole story might never come forth. But so many of the trust prosecutions have been barren of punishment befitting the crime that the federal laws and courts have fallen into disrepute. The President has balanced the accomplishments to be hoped for from an investigation against the prosecutions. He has declared for the courts. His judgment should be accepted.

ANOTHER INVESTIGATION.

An investigation of the customs service will be demanded in congress as a result of the light thrown upon the sugar frauds and the smuggling practices at the port of New York. There is promise now that the inquiry will go much further than at first expected, the internal revenue service being booked for a thorough scrutiny.

It is the opinion of the secretary of the treasury that the government loses many millions of dollars every year through the dodging of internal taxes. Unusual opportunities exist for violations in the collection of dues upon tobacco, spirits and oleomargarine. Forty agents and about 3,000 collectors, inspectors and gaugers constitute the force which must see to the payments of taxes and the purchase of stamps and license. There is hardly a town of more than a thousand or two of population in which cigars are not manufactured. The hundreds upon hundreds of saloons in each of the states in which a prohibitory law does not exist cannot all be watched keenly. The tax of $1.10 a gallon on whisky offers a strong temptation to the unscrupulous among distillers. The making of "moonshine" whisky in the southern mountains goes on in spite of constant raiding. In the last fiscal year, about 92,000,000 pounds of oleomargarine was manufactured, only 6,000,000 pounds, according to the secretary of the treasury, paying the tax of 10 cents. Until 1902, about $2,500,000 was collected upon oleomargarine. With the passage of the new law the revenue fell to $250,000 annually.

Besides violations of the revenue laws through failure to buy stamps and licenses, there is a suspicion of fraud through collusion with government employes. When the congressional commission begins the threshing of evidence, no small scandal may be uncovered in the internal revenue offices. This, at least is the view in Washington.

A BLOW TO PEACE.

The North Pole can be used for other things than as a theme for lectures, charges of falsehood, disposal of outlawed gumdrops and the "high horse." Professor Winslow Upton, of Brown university, has explained how future expeditions to the farthest north can bring back something else except cases of bad nerves and a sample of melted iceberg in a medicine bottle.

There are, he said, a number of sciences waiting for the data there obtainable. The geographer is directly interested. So is the meteorologist, and the geologist, too, needs the knowledge that will be brought to light by this achievement. Were our acquaintance with that region to end with the few facts that have been brought back to us, perhaps it would not amount to much, but he expected to see observation stations established throughout that great lonely expanse, by which all the physical sciences would be benefited.

The pole, then, is not to be left alone. Others will some day strive to pick up the facts that the two Americans overlooked. The day of universal peace and the brotherhood of man is indefinitely postponed.

CONGRESS AND ITS BURDEN.

A high sense of responsibility has never characterized the American congress. Shoulders have never been bowed by the realization of the burden of tasks to be performed. The gray heads upon which the visitors in the galleries look down are gray, not by reason of worries or statesmanship, of anxious hours for the public interest, of distress lest the people fail to secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity.

Mr. Taft, while upon his recent tour, said he feared lest the period of his administration would be too short in which the pledges of the Chicago platform could be carried out. Speech after speech detailed new economic problems, considered legislation made necessary by rapidly altering conditions of life and thought, reviewed the work inherited from his predecessor and the imperative obligation of urging its completion. There is no question as the work on hand. House and senate leaders have indicated in a vague way the subjects which must be taken up. Commissions of investigation are to be appointed. A fight must be made between the forces which desire the prosecution of the sugar trust in the courts and those who argue for a congressional inquiry—the witnesses for which will, under the law, gain immunity by testifying. The great subject of waterways will be threshed out—and then we shall know whether the scientific improvement of harbors and rivers prevails or the "pork barrel" politics is still strong. Scores of other measures must be settled, scores of others given their moment of discussion and put aside.

Yet, at the beginning of this session, as at other beginnings, one reads the interviews of members of congress in which they say nothing of importance will be considered before the holidays. After that, something like a program will be mapped out. The leaders will decide what legislation is to be brought up and what suppressed. So read the dispatches.

To find the note of seriousness in congress one must wait for the very end of the session—when the appropriation bills are ready for presentation.

A WHIP FOR ZELAYA.

The presence of warships, the policing of consulates and legations and a few mild threats would not be sufficient to turn Zelaya from the error of his ways. His savagery and indolence forced the revolution. His meddling with the peace and prosperity of neighboring states has forced interference by the United States.

Interference in Nicaragua may have to take a form similar to the steps taken to crush the Spanish maladministration of Cuba. The marines and sailors may prove too inadequate to rout the following of Zelaya and restore quiet to the country. It may be necessary to dispatch regulars to Central America. Before doing this, the state department may ask congress to issue a formal declaration of war.

The patience of the United States with the disorderly Latin-American republics has been worn threadbare. We are bound by precedents more or less indefinite, to oversee the little nations. It has been argued in Europe that the Monroe Doctrine makes us responsible for the government of these states and the protection of foreigners and foreign capital within them. The treaty arranged by Elihu Root was counted upon at the time signatures were affixed to it to bring something like stability in the Central American sphere. Zelaya has been the first to break that treaty. As a matter of discipline he should be punished. Should the process be severe enough, it will serve as an excellent example to other ambitious politicians of his character.

"TOO DRASTIC."

The Sherman anti-trust law is displeasing to John D. Archbold, vice president of the Standard Oil company.

"I believe that the decision will result in legislation looking forward toward the repeal of the Sherman anti-trust act. For under that law it is not only impossible for practically any corporation to transact business, but even co-operative partnership may be attacked. I believe the officials at Washington are coming to the view that the law is too drastic and that even Mr. Roosevelt himself shares in that opinion."

The decision of the United States circuit court of last Saturday will compel the Standard company, the supreme court agreeing, to distribute its shares in subsidiary companies among the stockholders. As this cannot affect the alignment of officers of the company there will be no change of policy so far as it interests the general public.

"The law is too drastic," says Mr. Archbold. You can actually smell petroleum in that joke.

COOK'S ACCUSERS.

The charges made by George H. Dunkle and Captain August W. Loose against Dr. Cook are of the gravest import. They will tend to shake faith in the Arctic explorer far more than the accusations of Edward Barrill. The public has chosen to accord Cook an earnest belief in his claims. If the suspicions thus cast turn out to be based upon only shreds of fact the obliquy into which Dr. Cook will be thrown may be more than even a "fakir's" uncertain sensibilities can endure and live.

But the public will withhold its judgment for more substantial evidence of imposture than Barrill or Dunkle or Loose have brought forth. It will be remembered that Barrill was perfectly willing to be a party to deceit if he were paid for it—and he has admitted that much. Dunkle and Loose would never have whispered a word of their relations with Cook—if there were such relations—had the doctor had the price of their silence. The testimony is tainted at its very start. Confirmation of the most unimpeachable kind must be produced before the words of these men are accepted as truth.

THE WATERWAYS PLATFORM.

The platform of the waterways congress, now in session in Washington is altogether admirable. "Pork barrel" appropriations are not to be given approval, however much the temptation to do so is placed before the eyes of certain influential promoters of the congress. It means that a program for scientific improvement of the waterways has at last some hope of being carried out. The following is in effect an epitome of the platform:

First, that no waterway improvement shall be entered upon by the government that has not the unqualified approval of the engineer corps.

Second, that projects which have received this endorsement and are now under construction should be pushed to completion as rapidly as is commensurate with good business methods.

Third, that the funds necessary for this purpose be provided by a bond issue in the event that current revenues are not sufficient to make a river and harbor bill possible each year.

The engineer corps has been compelled to carry on work for a generation which, in its opinion, was wasteful and needless. It has "improved" rivers destined never to float anything bigger than a scow, place riprap upon Missouri and Mississippi river banks which would not last out the season, dig out harbors and build breakwaters when the only ones benefited were contractors of supplies and congressmen with votes to be garnered. It should come as a relief to the engineers to learn that soon they may be engaged on work which really counts, which is to become a credit to themselves and their common-sense and learning.

UNCONVERSATIONAL CALHOUN.

The first insight the public gets of the personality of William J. Calhoun, the most newly appointed minister to China, is that he won't talk. He declines positively to discuss his appointment, his policy at his post in Pekin, the Orient or his traveling plans.

It would appear that, after many trials and one false start, a man had been found who was competent to guard the interests of Americans in China. Mr. Calhoun has had other diplomatic experience. He did some investigating in Cuba for President McKinley before the war with Spain. He looked into the quarrels between the asphalt concessionaires and President Castro, of Venezuela, and was enabled to present the right of it to Mr. Roosevelt. But, of course, these dabblings into the pot of international relations have counted him little in the matter of his selection. One essential was necessary. The major requirement was the ability to keep the lips firmly and immovably together. Whether the minister does this in the American language, in Chinese or pigeon-English doesn't matter the least to the gratified state department.

We hail Mr. Calhoun, although we know he will never hail us. We give him greetings and good will and wish him luck despite the fact that caution—and Philander Knox—direct him to main the irritating attitude of the deaf and dumb man paralyzed in all ten fingers.

NOVEMBER INCORPORATIONS.

November was a busy month for the incorporation lawyers. An immense inflation of capital stock was begun. New and ambitious enterprises were undertaken. Notice was given of new issues of shares and signs were not wanting to indicate the formation of new combinations and trusts.

A table compiled by the New York Journal of Commerce shows that $176,401,000 of capital is represented in new charters and new issues of stock of companies having $1,000,000 or more in November. New companies chartered with $100,000 capital or more throughout the country have a total capitalization of $230,483,000. This is very nearly $100,000,000 more than the promotions of November, a year ago.

The Intercolonial Rubber company, which has held the stock of the Continental Rubber company, made a formal statement of merger with an authorized capitalization of $40,000,000. The Carlton Investing company, which is said to be the forerunner of a big hotel combination with properties in the United States and Europe, took out a Delaware charter with capital of $7,500,000. The Aluminum Company of America, formerly known as the Pittsburg Reduction company, has given notice of an increase of $20,000,000 in stock. The American Laundry Machine company, of Ohio, increased its capital $7,900,000. The Brac Carriage & Wagon company, also an Ohio corporation, has put out $950,000 more stock.

November more than any other month this year, has supplied a hint to the vast expansions contemplated with the renewal of confidence.

MORGAN BILLIONAIRE.

J. Pierpont Morgan has bought the controlling stock of the Equitable Life Assurance company which Thomas F. Ryan obtained from James Hazen Hyde at the close of the investigation into the insurance scandals. That stock cost Ryan $2,500,000. The dividends of the block under the company's charter, amount to only $3,514 annually. It was not for dividends that Ryan bought the stock and it was not for the dividends that Morgan took over the shares. What does Morgan get?

The assets of the Equitable Life Assurance company are worth $460,000,000. The New York Life Insurance company has long been dominated by the Morgan bank. Its assets also are very large. With other properties controlled and administered, banks, trust companies, investment funds and personal possessions, the house of Morgan will have possibly two billions of dollars with which to do business. Aside from the danger to the savings of the people from exploitation, there is national peril in the concentration of such immense sums in such few hands. The influence of this money in the stock market would be tremendous. Prices could be made what the Morgan people chose to make them Immense flotations could be carried out with ease. Dreams of the promoters' profits possible must make the mouths of Wall Street brokers and manipulators water. To become one of the Morgan clique will be the hope and ambition of every budding financier. It will be the Morgan policy, of course, to so handle these assets that public alarm shall not be roused or curbing legislation be placed upon the statute books.

But however well the billions are handled, however bound around with protective measures, the gathering together of the control of billions under one roof is fraught with peril.

BRITISH WOES AND OURS.

The battle is on in Britain. Oratory is firing its largest guns. Armies of facts and figures charge upon armies of theories and boasts and protests. Tradition is pulled up by the roots to serve as fuel for campfires and dignity is cast by the roadside as military impediments. Detachments deploy into the enemy's country to scout for political movements and the great generals meet between engagements to rearrange their harried strategies.

The campaign in England is amusing, however, only at this comfortable distance. Indeed, it carries a very serious note for America—a note we may not hear for years yet, but may have to listen to with all its deafening earnestness. As the contest opens elaborate programs are rushed and trampled upon. The English will not hear them, will not give them heed. High temper is the order of the day, vilification and a bitterness that permits no intrusion of humor or the soft cautioning of tolerance.

When the lords rejected the budget it was necessary for them to offer a substitute for the Lloyd-George taxes which might prove acceptable to the country. This, as planned, was tariff reform. London dispatches carry the information that constituencies care not a fig for the presentation of a tariff scheme. What they ask of the lords and their followers is a defense, an apology. As little attention is given to discussions of socialism and woman suffrage and other side issues. The argument has degenerated to high-voiced denunciation of the house of lords upon one side and high-keyed remonstrance upon the other. Here, for once, is a political campaign stripped of its disguises, made free, by popular dictation, of dust throwing and subterfuge, reduced to the actual fundamentals. The lords are fighting for property and privileges, their opponents to turn part of the lords' property into the national treasury and to restrict the privileges.

The lords, as possessors of land variously estimated as from 20 per cent to 95 per cent of all within the United Kingdom, represent property installed and satisfied. The upper house is conservatism hide-bound and imperious. It desires no change in the established order of things It is content with existence as it finds it and would have others forced to be content with theirs.

We have a class in America as grasping as the lords have been. If it continues policies and practices now notoriously in conflict with the welfare of the most, it will draw reprisal as the British conservatives have invited it. The anarchy which causes it to tremble, the socialism which raises its indignation, are its own children, flourishing as mercenary wealth flourishes. There are not wanting prophets who see such another fight in America as England is experiencing, the propertyless and those of small property moving with deadly determination against entrenching plutocracy, ignoring the side-issues of political isms, fads, trickeries and evasions and bent only on seizure, just or unjust, lawful or unconstitutional. If that unhappy day comes it will be because our wild financiers, land and timber thieves, trust promoters and stock manipulators have chosen to be blind to the lesson across the water.

THE FRONTIERSMAN'S DREAM.

A writer in the Outlook presents a very vivid picture of the American engineers and prospectors who have invaded Mexico and the Central American states. He finds them of the type of frontiersmen who took the middle west from the Indians, Washington and Oregon from the British, and Texas and California from the Spaniards. Most interesting is it to find that these exiles dream of a greater America, an empire that shall be bigger and mightier than that their forebears made possible.

I did not meet a Yankee north of the equator—and I believe it is the same south of it—who does not expect that we will absorb all of Latin America sooner or later. Every one, diplomats and ditch-diggers, believes that things are tending that way. And the Americans in business down there are doing their best to hasten it. Further, I found that every Spanish-American is convinced that such is our national ambition. They believe that it is our deliberate intention to own the hemisphere. Only a few think they will have the power to resist us.

It is doubtful if our diplomatists who are chosen from a practicable political class nourish the idea very strongly. The hope does no harm, except where its expression fans the fear and jealousy of our neighbors. There is perhaps a creditable patriotism in the dream of a nation a hemisphere in size. But it is, of course, only a dream—one as indefinable as the banner of mist that nightly wreathes about the camp of an adventure in the tropical wilderness.

ECONOMIES.

The impossible has come true. Washington has been confounded. All the seers, the cynics, the old-timers and custom itself have been proved bad guessers. A cabinet officer can actually turn in an estimate which is lower than the estimates made by his predecessor.

Report after report has been submitted to congress and each has shown that the watchword of the administration, Economy with a capital E, is a workable reality. Secretary McVeagh, to whom fell the job of presenting the grand total, shows how tradition has been defied, how temptation brushed aside and ambition worsted and made to bow the head of humility. The budget calls for expenditures of $103,370,393 less than the appropriations for the fiscal year 1909-1910, and $123,066,493 under the estimates submitted a year ago for 1910.

These are economies to stay the shout of the "watchdog" of the treasury, whoever he may happen to be now. But will not congress look upon them as a splendid opportunity to do a little extra spending?

A PLAY WITH FATE.

The British lords have chosen to exchange a lesser crisis for a greater.

Their rejection of the Lloyd-George budget puts the question of approval or endorsement upon the shoulders of the voters, but it in no way is a shifting of responsibility upon the part of the lords. It was an expedient, upon the outcome of which the aristocracy of England is taking a gambler's chance. The country, by giving the Unionists a majority in the house of commons, would restore a broad tariff system to the United Kingdom after more than 70 years of virtual free trade. The hated land taxes could be avoided. The revolutionary tax upon the unearned increment would be postponed indefinitely. The brewers will, in such case, retain their privileges and freedom from such assessments as their fellows in America pay. Danger of the breaking up of the immense estates owned by the nobility and "county families" will be largely removed.

If, on the other hand, the Liberal government is vindicated by being given a majority among the members of the house of commons, the lords will pay an excessive price for resorting to a referendum. The Liberals and their associated parties will come back to Westminster determined on revenge. The long threatened and long postponed reforms of the upper chamber will in every likelihood go through at last. T. P. O'Connor predicts that from the election will result the downfall of landlordism in England as well as in Ireland, the overthrow of aristocratic government, the emancipation of the masses and home rule for the Irish.

Says a lecturer: "If you want a drink of whisky just two hours before you die, you will want that drink just as much two hours later, when you are in the astral body—and you can't get it." No old toper will ask for a better description of hell.

THE PUGILIST'S REWARD.

The two eager-fisted men who are to fight for the heavyweight boxing championship of the world will have a purse of $101,000 to divide and a big share of the receipts from the exhibition of the moving picture films which are to be exposed at the ringside.

The question is asked how it is possible for the promoters to offer so large a purse. It is answered by the statement that the average price per seat in the hall where the battle is to be fought will be $10 and that $25,000 spectators are expected—a quarter of a million dollars for the box office to count after the last of the audience has crowded in. The films later on will bring their crowds to the vaudeville houses and the little theatres and that income may be twice as large as the one from the sale of seats.

It may be unfair to begrudge even a prize-fighter a fortune as a reward for his talents, but when one glances over the week's accumulation of wage in the pay envelope, when one wonders how the shoes for John and the dress for Mary are to be paid for in the period of high coal, he might well demand why it is the stars in their courses select creatures with adamant heads and sledge-hammer knuckles for some of life's most valued favors.

WHY MEAT IS DEAR.

Armour & Company, for the first time in the career of the corporation, have submitted a statement of the business done. This was necessary before a bond issue of $30,000,000 could be listed on the stock exchange. A gross profit is shown for the last year of $10,582,000 on a capital stock of $20,000,000 and an earned surplus of $7,127,926, equivalent to a dividend of 35.6 per cent.

The report of Secretary Wilson, of the department of agriculture, made public on Tuesday, tells of an investigation carried out by government employes, under instructions from the secretary, to ascertain the increase in prices from wholesale to retail prices. The report tells the story:

For fifty cities the total retail cost charged to customers above the wholesale cost paid by the retailers is 38 per cent. In five cities the rate of increase is 20 per cent or under; in 10 cities, 21 to 30 per cent; in 12 cities, 31 to 40 per cent; in 12 cities, 41 to 50 per cent, and in 11 cities, over 50 per cent.

The average retail price exceeded the average wholesale price by 31.4 per cent in the North Atlantic states; by 38 per cent in the South Atlantic; by 38 per cent in the North Central; 39.4 per cent in the Western, and the highest increase was found in the South Central states, 54 per cent.

A gross profit of 20 per cent was found in New York city and in Philadelphia, 28 per cent in Buffalo, 36 per cent in Boston, 17 per cent in Baltimore, 42 per cent in Washington, D. C., 46 per cent in Chicago, 25 per cent in Cincinnati, 23 per cent in Omaha, Neb., 28 per cent in Kansas City, Mo., 27 and 35 per cent in Minneapolis and St. Paul, 40 per cent in Milwaukee and Detroit, 29 per cent in St. Louis, 64 per cent in Mobile, 39 per cent in San Francisco, 24 per cent in Seattle, and 37 per cent in Dencer.

The lower the grade of beef the greater the percentage of gross profit. In Boston, for illustration, the rate of gross profit is nearly twice as great for beef costing eight cents at wholesale as for beef costing 11 and 11½ cents. Low-priced beef is marked up nearly twice as much relatively as high-priced beef. In other words, perhaps it is a safe inference that the poor people pay nearly twice as much profit as the well-to-do people pay.

The consumer surely is a mine of profits between the stockyards pen and the dinner table, if other packers do as well as Armour & Company, which is probable. That a profit of fair proportions is paid the cattle raiser is indicated by the dispatches from the west and southwest telling of the prosperity of the ranch owners and by the excuse given recently for raising the price of beef. The chairman of the packers' committee said then that the increase was made necessary by the higher prices of livestock on the hoof.

An investigation of the rising cost of living all along the line might prove as interesting a revelation of unusual earnings as that of the packing and sale of meat.

MACVEAGH ON THE TARIFF.

Secretary MacVeagh's comments upon the Payne tariff law may not reflect the views of President Taft, the secretary being in no way bound to submit his opinions to the chief magistrate, but they do crystalize the opinions of many thousands of Republicans.

No claim was made upon the passage of the Payne bill that it was a perfect measure. It was better than previous tariff laws in that it was well fitted to the conditions of the times, caused a minimum of disturbance to business and provided revenue which would in time overcome a big deficit. But as other tariff bills have been passed so was the Payne bill by the time-honored log-rolling method. Yet provision was made for the scientific study of the tariff that would bring about the banishment of the old scheme of revision. The general overhauling of the tariff could be avoided, schedules being altered from time to time. Industry need not be held back while one item of trade was discussed and another item's fate irritatingly postponed. So far the Payne law has a distinct advantage over all others which have been administered in America.

Thus, as Secretary MacVeagh says, the Payne law is but an incident in the tariff revision movement. The Republican party is just as fully committed to revision now as it was before the meeting of the special session. There will be tariff speeches at the present session, but whether congress will feel prepared to make alterations now at the tariff board's suggestion remains to be seen. Mr. MacVeagh says:

The friends of tariff revision never expected that the law of 1909 would or could or should complete the movement. The hope is entertained that the Payne law ends the actual legislation for the present, and it is not considered advisable immediately to turn in again and disturb conditions. And it does not seem necessary to make all tariff legislation a review of the entire law.

An excellent reason for a reasonable postponement of attempts at further legislation is that it is universally believed that we ought to do no more legislating on the tariff until we know better how to legislate on it. The opinion is practically universal that hereafter such legislation must be based on facts and knowledge and scientific investigation, and not on mere bartering between sections and different interests.

The life of the Payne law becomes, under the method of frequent, though small changes, indefinitely prolonged. General revision may not be considered for a score of years.

"He is always willing to give advice," is what one paper says of James J. Hill. And yet he is not more free with it than many men who never accomplished anything.

"When I Was Your Age."

When pa was my age there were few
Grown men could do what he could do;
He didn't waste his time at play,
But did a man's work every day;
He'd muscles that were hard and strong;
He'd sought the right and shunned the wrong;
His parents never had to scold
Or fret when he was twelve years old.
"When I was your age——" Jimmunnee!

How often pa says that to me!
At every meal I have to hear
The same old thing, or pretty near;
When he was my age he would eat
Just wholesome thing and pass the sweet;
He wouldn't even taste of cake,
And shunned pie for his stummick's sake.

When pa was my age he would save
Up every cent he got—and—bravef
If he'd met a lion, it
Could not have frightened him a bit!
The thing he liked to do the best
Was good hard work, with little rest;
In school he stood above them all,
And he was nearly six feet tall.

"When I was your age——" Every day
Pa hands that out the same old way;
His head is bald, his stummick's bad;
He's lost the muscle that he had;
Ma can't afford to keep a maid;
Pa's not a great man, I'm afraid—
At least no bands play when he goes by.

Down where he labors, wet and dry,
They keep pa in a little cage;
I wonder why he wishes I
Would be like he was at my age?
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

CONTRASTS AND CONQUESTS

International Sunday School Lesson for December 19 Is a Review.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Clever scientists have invented scales for measuring mental processes; but they have not got to the point of being able to weigh the power of an impression or an impulse. All the events in creation cannot determine the effect upon twenty-five million minds, most of them in the plastic state of youth, of the year's study, now ended, of the heroic history of the early Christian church.

Certainly it has been tremendous. The Sunday school scholars have lived with giants—Jesus and Paul and Peter and Stephen and John and Barnabas and Silas and James and Timothy and Dr. Luke. They have inquired into their motives, dissected their characters, searched out the springs of their great deeds. They have learned the secret of their greatness, have thrilled with their heroism, and have shared in their big and conquering idea. It has been a rare school for cosmopolites and world-servants, has the Sunday school during the past year. The politicians of tomorrow will have to reckon with it.

The Day of Worldism.

Curiously—let us say Providentially—this twelve months spent in the Book of Acts has chorded wondrously with the world thought of the times. Its broad outlook has corresponded to the awakening of the minds of men today. This new era of worldism upon which the Church has entered fits, like ball into socket, into the theme of the record of Christianity's beginnings. That was a day of imperial conceptions. So is this. Evidences on every hand attest that truth. Personally, I have had a peculiar opportunity to observe it as I have noted the comment upon "Men and Missions;" and the chapter of the book which seems to hit men hardest is "The Awaking World." For our day is becoming newly alert to the meaning of universal ferment.

Some Modern Instances.

There are striking contrasts and consequences as we put the year's studies alongside of contemporaneous life. Compare that first little gathering of Christians at Pentecost with some of our modern representative religious assemblies. Take the meeting in Louisville this month of the executive committee of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. There were represented more than half the population of the United States. The ministry of each of several denominations is larger than the entire Christian church at Pentacost. What the Louisville meeting stands for in the way of social and patriotic influence, material wealth, educational leadership and religious power, may be only faintly imagined.

Or look forward to the great gathering in Washington next May, when the World's Sunday School convention will call together representatives of a greater number of nations than have ever met together in a religious capacity. Again consider the Laymen's Missionary Campaign, now sweeping over the country, and the National Congress on World Brotherhood with which it will culminate in Chicago next May. Surely, the mustard seed which students of this course have watched germinate, has become a mighty forest, whose branches cover the earth.

Then and Now.

Keeping in mind the central thought of the developing Christian Church, it is well to contrast the feebleness of the church then, with its potency today. Without tarrying to point out the number of infidels, now mostly forgotten, who have predicted the early demise of Christianity, or the fierce efforts of kings and governments to extirpate it, attention should be called to the new vigor with which the religion of Jesus and his apostles is spreading over the entire earth. Next June there will assemble in Edinburgh, a World's Missionary Conference, met to consider a universal propaganda of the Christian faith. The statesmanship of Christendom will be there represented. Heroes of the faith from all quarters of the globe will bear with them the smoke of this world war. "The evangelization of the world in this generation" will be the audacious watchword sounded. Does not that recall the boldness of the apostles?

The background of the Acts' history is heathendom. The first attack of the infant church was upon an environment sodden in selfishness, with slavery, oppression and lustful vice the rule. Today we find the church dealing with a world interpenetrated with the ideals of Jesus. The whole mass of humanity has been vitalized by new social and democratic teachings which it has learned nowhere else than at the feet of the Great Teacher.

The Leavening Life.

One cannot turn around today without coming into contact with some manifestation of the gospel, which, when the Book of Acts was written was the despised and ignored teaching of obscure men. Here one meets a business man wearing a Brotherhood button—a cross, once the emblem of shame, now the symbol of conquest. There stands a great church, in the thick of the city's commerce. The day's newspaper always has some allusion, direct or indirect, to Christianity. A Salvation Army lassie stands on the corner, appealing for the poor in the name of Christ. The latest popular novel makes its plea on the basis of a study of religion.

All the flurry of Christmas, that stirs our hearts and the world around us—the vendors on the sidewalks, the lines of evergreens, the shops filled with toys, the bulging advertisements in the press, the holiday displays, the music and the gladness—all this is but an extension of the story of beginnings which the Sunday schools have been studying. Whosoever would know how Christ is conquering, let him look around.

Lives Lost and Lived.

This twelve months' study has had to do with human life—human life animated by the Divine Spirit. What bracing biographies they have been! How the pulses of millions have been stirred by the grandeur of the conduct of these heroes, whose examples and words now have deathless fame and power.

Yet so many of the lives seemed to end. Jesus passed from earth. Stephen fell beneath the hate-driven stones of bigotry. James fell beneath a tyrant's power. Peter dropped out of the narrative, and Paul's only mention of him, Paul's last words were last week's lesson. These splendid lives were laid down, only that they might be taken up again in unlimited life. Behold, how they live and breathe and shape men's actions today. Herod's stained purple has rotted, but the shabby cloak which the shivering old prisoner, Paul, left at Troas is still an ornament to literature. Great ocean liners now travel the Mediterranean, and their passengers are more interested in the sites connected with this same Paul's journey than in any other classical or historical association. The lesson of the Acts for today is that every life lived for God, in lavish self-spending, may seem to be lost, but it really shares the very immortality of God.

Varieties

The skin of a black fox is worth $[illegible]

Fabrics looking like silk are made from wood.

There are no deserted farms in Germany.

This country has 900 trade journals.

Women constitute 5.5 per cent of convicts in American prisons.

Factories in England use more than one-fifth of the coal produced.

At the age of 70 years, a man has consumed 95 tons of food.

Warships require 1,600 to 1,450 feet of space to swing around in tidal harbors.

The kingdom of Prussia goes out of cultivated forests over $24,000,000 a year.

The importation of precious stones into India amounts annually to about $4,500,000.

The government will take entire charge of the telephone system of Great Britain in 1911.

Australia will borrow $5,000,000 for railway construction, rolling stock, development of the gold fields, etc.

The more familiar species of flying fish are denizens of the tropical oceans. Fresh water species, however, are known.

A man has just been arrested in Chicago who has been making his living by writing sacred songs and stealing hens.

A new house has just been completed at Shefford, England, and it is said to be the first one built there in 50 years.

The German empire consists of [illegible] kingdoms and [illegible] duchies, principalities and free cities.

If the seven longest rivers of the world were placed end to end they would form a 500 miles of encircling the earth.

The first American book printed in the colonies was the Bay Psalm Book, which was printed at Cambridge, Mass., in [illegible].

The government of Guatemala has placed a bronze bust of Robert Fulton in one of the parks of the city of Guatemala.

There are three times as many Buddhists, Brahmans, Mohammedans and pagans in the world as there are Christians.

The three wealthiest nations: United States, $116,000,000,000; Great Britain and Ireland, $62,200,000,000; France, $42,800,000,000.

There are about 170,000 oil producing wells in the United States, representing directly and indirectly an outlay of about $760,000,000.

A bottle of milk, containing a two-inch minnow, was recently delivered by a dairy in Pittsfield (Mass.) milkman to one of his customers.

A New York man who ate 60 buckwheat cakes and two pounds of sausage said he would have done better if he had been hungry.

In proportion to its population, more people earn a livelihood for seafaring in Norway than in any other country. Britain comes next.

The average yield of wood an acre in forests was raised in Germany from 20 cubic feet in 1830 to 75 cubic feet in 1908.

A young oak grown three feet in three years, in the same time an elm grew eight feet three inches, and a willow nine feet three inches.

Measurements made in London schools prove that the children of the well-to-do are better grown for their age than the children of the poor.

Our oil exports to China increased from 23,000,000 gallons in 1899 to 87,000,000 in 1909 and nearly 104,000,000 in 1908, having thus quadrupled in 10 years.

The subscriptions for the portrait of Grover Cleveland, to be placed in the executive chamber at Albany, have reached the sufficient amount of $1,200.

Of the 2,100 foreigners whose names appear on the tax lists of Yokohama, 1,215 are not leaseholders and at present declining to pay municipal taxes.

One Scotch casualty insurance company is offering policies to aviators, while another will extend all future policies to cover the risks of aviation and ballooning.

The practice of cutting the claws of the more ferocious animals of the London zoological gardens has recently been greatly facilitated by chloroforming the animals.

Santo Domingo, according to an English mineralogist who explored it, is a geological curiosity shop, containing [illegible] covered samples of nearly every well known mineral.

France is buying many locomotives in Germany. The latest order is for 30 of one line. For years French railroads have regularly ordered locomotives in Germany.

Most of the cotton produced in China is grown on small farms of five to seven acres. The whole family engages in the cultivation and works as many as 18 hours a day.

China buys in San Francisco $100,000 worth of seaweed a year. The claim for seaweed is that when it is used in upholstered furniture is kept free of moths and other insects.

The government of New Zealand proposes to make loans to settlers, working local bodies and mining companies, but total advances are not to exceed $10,000,000 in any one year.

Wireless telegraph stations are to be installed in Siberia which will enable the war department of Russia to keep in communication with the eastern most parts of the empire.

A canal nine miles long, 65 feet wide and 14 feet deep, in Desha county, Arkansas, has been completed and is draining about 120,000 acres of land contiguous to Arkansas City.

The oil strike in Tayabas, P. I., has brought into existence six oil developing companies. Many other companies have also been lately formed to develop the mineral resources of the islands.

Tom L. Johnson omitted the word "obey" from the marriage service when called on to perform it as mayor of Cleveland, because, as he said, he would not "help to make liars of people."

"Closing out sales" and the like are being placed under ban in many of the leading cities of Russia, where strict laws are established governing such sales to pr

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the Latest Paris and New York Styles.

These patterns are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

3148—Ladies' Shirt Waist. Any of the pretty figured silks develop charmingly in this neat model. 5 sizes—32 to 42.

2808—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with one-piece plain sleeves or regulation shirt sleeves. Adaptable to any of the season's shirtings. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2719—Girls' Dress. This stylish little model was developed in bright red cashmere. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

3129—Girls' Dress, closing at left side of front. Navy blue serge or mohair are excellent developed in this style. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

3138—Ladies' Nine-Gored Skirt. The model here illustrated was developed in black broadcloth trimmed with jet buttons. 5 sizes—24 to 32.

2734—Ladies' Nine-Gored Skirt, closing with buttons down left side of front. Adaptable to any of the season's suitings. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

3143—Ladies' Circular Closed Drawers, with or without ruffes. A very neat model for any of the sheer white materials. 5 sizes—22 to 30.

1652—Ladies' Throw Scarfs, Cravat and Pillow Muff. Adaptable to any desired fur. One size.

3126—Ladies' Full Length Coat. Black velvet was used for this charming model, though it is adaptable to any of the season's coatings. 4 sizes—52, 36, 40 and 44.

3132—Ladies'' Princess Dress, closing at left side front seam. Mohair, serge or broadcloth are pretty developed in this style. 5 sizes—34 to 42.

3136—Ladies'' Shirt Waist. A neat every-day model for linen, madras, pongee or flannel. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

2881—Misses' Shirt Waist, with one-piece plain sleeves or regulation shirt sleeves. Adaptable to any of the season's shirtings. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2903—Child's One-Piece Dress, slipped over the head and to be worn with or without the guimpe. Golden brown mohair was used for this dainty little model. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

3145—Child's Coat. Crimson broadcloth was used for this simple though stylish model. 4 sizes—3 to 9 years.

2831—Misses' Five-Gored Skirt, with an inverted box-plait at center back seam and tucks at other seams and at center front. Serge, mohair, broadcloth, cheviot or Panama cloth are all adaptable to this skirt. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2747—Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt, closing under an inverted box-plait at center back seam and having a double box-plait at front. This is a neat model for mohair, voile or broadcloth in any desired shade. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2710—Girls'' and Child's Apron. Persian or Victoria lawn are excellent developed in this serviceable little garment. 5 sizes—2 to 10 years.

1974—Child's Plaited One-Piece Dress, with or without epaulets. Hunters green vivella flannel was used in the development of this little model. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

3119—Misses' and Girls' Semi-Princess Dress, with body lining, high or low neck and long or short sleeves. A very pretty evening dress is here shown in pale blue silk dotted muil. 4 sizes—11 to 17 years.

2629—Ladies' Princess Combination Corset Cover and Open Drawers. Adaptable to nainsook, jaconet, thin cambric or batiste. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

Wherever You Sell Your **FURS**

They will finally reach New York. It will pay you to send for price list and ship to

M. F. Pfaelzer & Co.,
6 E. 12th St., (Desk 8), N. Y.

GOLD OUTPUT IS LESS

Decrease Shown Each Year in Official Reports for Alaska.

Washington, Dec. 8.—President Taft's statement made at Seattle on his recent 9,000-mile trip that the population of Alaska was small and widely scattered is borne out by an estimate of the number of people, white and natives, in that great northern colony, furnished by the director special field agents of the bureau of census who have charge of taking the thirteenth census. Both the population and the amount of gold mined in the Alaskan mines have decreased in the last few years. The population is estimated as having fallen 11,000 less than it was in 1900, while for the last two years the output of gold has decreased $2,000,000.

Mr. Taft said in his speech that the only way he thought advisable to develop Alaska for the benefit of everybody in it is to bring the territory under the management of one bureau and department in Washington, so that all the officials shall have to respond to one head, and also that the interests of the entire territory shall be centered in one responsible bureau chief in Washington, whose business it shall be to present to congress the needs of the colony, to follow legislation, and to attend to everything for the national capital in which the people of the territory are interested.

Plans Colonial System.

It is said in official circles that as soon as the President receives the actual census returns from Alaska he will put in operation his scheme to bring about a colonial form of government not unlike that in the Philippines. It will differ from the Philippine form only in the respect that the local or resident commission will have less power.

The approximated census, which in two weeks will be sent out by the census bureau, shows that the population of Alaska is 52,550. The population in 1900 was 63,592; in 1890 32,000, and in 1880, 33,000. From 1880 to 1890 the population decreased 1,000. It did not increase until 1900. That great increase was due to the rush of gold seekers in 1898, 1899 and 1900. Many of this class of citizens, according to the census officials and the geological survey engineers, did not remain.

In a recent letter to the census bureau from Dr. Joseph H. Romig, the special agent at Seward, Alaska, it is stated that more than 10,000 people go to the mines every winter and are not, in the true sense, legal residents of Alaska.

Alaska has been divided into four districts. The estimated population and cost of taking the census as given out by the census bureau is as follows: First district, Juneau, population, 3,000, estimated cost, $6,000; second district, Seward, population, 2,000, estimated cost, $15,480; third district, Nome, population, 16,000, estimated cost, $17,000; fourth district, Fairbanks, population, 11,400, estimated cost, $20,000. The cost of taking the census in Alaska will be a trifle over $1 per capita.

Big Decrease in Output.

In connection with the report of the population and its decrease is the report of the geological survey. In a statement made by one of the officials the output of gold from all the Alaskan mines has decreased $2,000,000 since 1906, which was the banner year. In that year the output was valued at $22,056,794. Last year, the last report shows the output to be $20,000,000.

This latter is a trifle over double the amount mined in 1900, the year of the rush. Officials of the geological survey credit this shrinkage to the territory's assuming a normal state. They contend that, beginning with the strike of 1898, conditions in the territory have been in an abnormal state. They are under the impression that the output will continue indefinitely to be about $20,000,000 a year. They also point out that even though the population is not increasing at an alarming rate business between the territory and the states is increasing.

Sale of One Cotton Bale.

Anderson Mail.

The largest bale of cotton of the season was sold here today. It was brought to the city by H. E. McClellan and sold to E. Watkins. The bale weighed 735 pounds, and was sold for 14½ cents, bringing $106.57. The seed from the cotton, 44 bushels, was also brought to the city and was sold by Mr. McClellan at 50 cents a bushel, bringing $22, so that the proceeds from the bale, seed and oil amounted to $128.57.

FIRED FROM THE FORT

Rumor of Decision in the Brownsville Case.

Washington, Dec. 10.—Conclusive evidence is said to have been obtained by the military court of inquiry into the "shooting up" of Brownsville, Tex., that members of the Twenty-fifth infantry, colored, who were within the fort fired on the town at the time their companions were racing through the streets of the Texas town, shooting right and left.

None of the members of the court of inquiry would discuss the matter, but it is intimated that a demand for the abolition of the negro troops, which are provided for by law, will be made by the southern delegations in congress. Thus the bitter debate that marked the final days of the Roosevelt administration threatens to be renewed.

The evidence discovered by the officers who compose the court is said to be susceptible of complete proof. Certain members, it is reported, made personal examination of buildings across the road from the fort in Brownsville. They discovered bullet holes in the sides of three houses. Continuing their investigations they discovered the bullets, which were of the regulation army design. Following back of the line of fire, as shown by the track of the bullet, the marksmen could have been nowhere else than within the barracks.

The congressional defenders of the negro infantry men maintained that the only firing in the town was done by men of the Twenty-fifth who had broken parole and that former President Roosevelt, in discharging two companies without individual military trial, had worked a severe injustice on both the companies and regiment.

It is understood that the court, which is here and has practically concluded its examination of the evidence it has obtained, will permit such discharged members of the regiment as care to do so to appear before it and testify. The hearings will be held here.

OFFICIALS MUST ECONOMIZE

Government Warns Needless Expense Will Not Be Allowed.

Washington, Dec. 10.—Economy in small things as well as in great is being impressed on officials in the government service whose work requires them to make expenditures from time to time chargeable to government funds.

A notable case is that of internal revenue agents and inspectors. Commissioner Cabell, in a circular of instructions, has given notice to all officers of the internal revenue service that they are expected to exercise the same economy in their expenditures that would govern a prudent business man under similar conditions.

Cabs, taxicabs and automobiles, the commissioner directs, are to be used only in cases of absolute necessity which must be explained satisfactorily, or otherwise such items of traveling expense will be disallowed.

NEW YEAR MYTH IS EXPLODED

Navy Official Says Flashes Never Circled Globe.

Washington, Dec. 10.—Another myth has been exploded. For several years, about New Year's day, statements are published that the naval observatory with the assistance of the telegraph and cable companies, will flash the advent of the new year at Washington around the world.

In officially discussing, in his annual report, the attempt made on last New Year's eve, Admiral Cowles, chief of the bureau of equipment of the navy department, says that the signals were transmitted "as far as Buenos Ayres, Australia, Honolulu, Guam, Manila and Japan.

In addition to this the statement is made at the naval observatory that it has never been successful in flashing the New Year's signals entirely around the world.

NATION IS PROSPEROUS

More Than 25 Million Have Bank Deposits.

Washington, Dec. 10.—More than 25,000 banks with more than 25,000,000 deposit accounts, capital aggregating $1,855,987,368, and individual deposits of more than $14,000,000,000, are the stupendous figures revealing the vast extent of the banking business of the United States, as shown in the annual report for the year ended October 31, of Lawrence O. Murray, comptroller of the currency, laid before congress today.

The report contains a great mass of interesting information regarding not only national banks and other financial organizations reporting to the comptroller's office, but also private and state banks of all classes. Loans and discounts of national banks September 1 amounted to $5,128,882,351. The banks held at that time investments of bonds and other similar securities amounting to $898,388,542—more than sufficient as security for the $500,000,000 emergency currency authorized by the act of May 30, 1908.

Because of the depreciation in the market price of government bonds the computed profit on the issue of national bank circulation increased slightly.

Net earnings of national banks for the year ended July 1, were $131,185,749, from which dividends were paid amounting to $92,993,449.

The legislation of 1900 authorizing the organization of national banks with a capital of $25,000 met with popular favor, 2,768 institutions with such capitalization having been chartered since the passage of the act.

RECORDS OF DR. COOK

Safely Stored in Iron Box, They Are Taken to University.

Copenhagen, Dec. 8.—The North Polar observations of Dr. Frederick A. Cook reached here today on board the steamer United States. Extraordinary precautions were taken to make sure that the long heralded data was delivered safely to the university authorities.

As soon as the United States was tied up at her pier an iron box containing Dr. Cook's report and the diaries in which his original entries were made was brought ashore. The box was closely followed by Walter Lonsdale, Dr. Cook's secretary, who had stood guard over its contents since they left the hands of the explorer. Upon the pier Lonsdale and two detectives bundled the iron box into a motor car, and, jumping in themselves were driven hastily to the University of Copenhagen. Their car was followed by a second automobile.

At the university the papers were formally turned over to the authorities there and placed in a strong room, where they will be guarded closely until the committee appointed to examine them is ready to begin its labors. The examination will be made probably at Copenhagen observatory. None but the duly chosen commission representing the University of Copenhagen will be permitted to be present.

United States Minister Egan was to have attended the committee meetings, but will not be able to do so because of the delay in the arrival of the records. Mr. Egan leaves tomorrow for the United States.

The coming of Dr. Cook's papers is accompanied with signs of a revival of the Cook-Peary controversy. The Politiken asserts this morning that the supporters of Commander Peary are trying to enlist the services of Greenland explorers in organizing an anti-Cook press campaign.

2,000 MEN TO PANAMA

Already 1,100 Marines Are There and 700 More Assemble.

Washington, Dec. 13.—With 1,100 United States marines at Panama and 700 more under orders to sail from Philadelphia, the administration soon will be able to place a force of nearly 2,000 soldiers in Nicaragua.

The transport Dixie, with 700 marines, reached Colon Saturday night. Sunday they were sent across the isthmus to Panama. There they went aboard the Buffalo on which 400 marines have been waiting for several days. At the same time orders were issued to assemble 700 more marines at the League Island navy yard, and prepare the Prairie to carry them south week.

It is said here that the senate committee on foreign relations will take up the Nicaragua affair at once. It is rumored that it will introduce a joint resolution looking to the sustaining of the acts already done by this government and putting congress on record ... that respect. The swift march of events referring to Nicaragua as developed yesterday and today indicates to some senators that a special message from the President defining further the purposes of the United States in Nicaragua is due early this week.

Senor Castrillo, the representative of the Nicaraguan insurrectionists in this city, today received a cablegram from Gen. Estrada, head of the revolutionary movement, which declares that the revolutionists are strongly intrenched at Rama and that the forces of President Zelaya are two days' march from the city. The cablegram asserts that a revolutionary victory is certain, but that following it the revolutionists will take no definite steps until their program is approved by the state department at Washington. This is presumed to refer especially to any decision that may be made in the case of President Zelaya should the insurgents win. The cablegram as translated by Senor Castrillo, is as follows:

"Rama, via Bluefields, Dec. 12, 1909.
"Castrillo, Washington:
"We ocupy our impregnable position in Rama town, with an army more numerous and more decided than ever. Enemy is two days' march from Rama. From there he asks us for a parley. We are disposed not to concede anything and are sure of our victory. This is our situation, and believe me that our plan from the beginning has been to capture the enemy at Rama. We are disposed not to take resolute action without approval of the department of state, to whom you must communicate this. When the battle is expected we will advise you.

"ESTRADA."

At the time this dispatch was received, the state department announced that it was without advices from Nicaragua. Any action the department contemplates will be taken only upon information from the department's official sources of communication.

Senor Enrique Creel, former ambassador of Mexico to the United States, arrived here last evening on a special mission from his government to lay Zelaya's case before the state department. Mr. Creel had previously admitted that such was his purpose. He said tonight that he would endeavor to have peace declared as to Nicaragua "without armed intervention." Mexico's interest in Zelaya, or rather Nicaragua, lies in the fact that Mexico and the United States are guarantors of the peace of Central America. The United States, being practically at war with Nicaragua, with diplomatic channels closed, Mexico, at the request of Zelaya, undertook the task of what is practically an effort to reopen diplomatic negotiations.

Mr. Creel will present his case to the state department Tuesday afternoon. It is believed that the answer of the state department will be negative as to all these propositions, in view of the attitude assumed by the President and Secretary Knox in their note to Nicaragua.

BURN IN FIERY LAKE

Men Held in Tar See Flames Approach.

Pittsburg, Dec. 11.—Entrapped in a lake of flowing tar, four men were held fast at the McClintock & Irvine company's roofing plant, in this city, early today, and were compelled to watch the gradually approaching flames. Three of them were burned to death, but the fourth managed to extricate himself and escape the horrible fate of his fellow companions, although he was seriously burned.

The men killed are Peter McGonnigle, John Trent and Patrick Carry. The man who escaped with burns was Patrick Moran. It is said the men were not employed at the works, but since winter set in had been in the habit of sleeping there at night. In some manner the valve of a tar vat opened and before the sleeping men knew their danger they were engulfed. Unable to free themselves, although they struggled with all their might, they saw the tar flow to a boiler where it was speedily ignited. Then as the fire crawled towards them they frantically cried for help. The night watchman was attracted by the cries, but was powerless to aid them. With a great effort Moran extricated himself, but the other three were burned to death.

ASKS $50,000 FOR PROBE

Wickersham Says Sugar Inquiry Will Be Pushed Vigorously.

Washington, Dec. 11.—Efforts to recover all moneys due, and to punish the persons involved in the sugar frauds at New York are to be vigorously pushed, according to Attorney General Wickersham, whose annual report was laid before congress today. The evidence, he says, has disclosed a net work of corruption, not confined to the American Sugar Refining company, and extending over a period of years, affecting both importers and officers of the government. He asks for a special appropriation of $50,000 so that the prosecutions may effectively proceed.

An important announcement is that questions not determined by the supreme court in what are known as the "commodities clause cases," arising under the law, relating to interstate commerce, are to be presented hereafter for judicial determination. In the public land fraud prosecutions the attorney general makes it clear that he is determined in no respects to abate the effort to successfully conclude them.

Recommendation is made for a general immunity statute to meet the conditions which arise in the endeavor to procure testimony for the government.

SAY HE STOLE STATE TIMBER

Warrant Out for Former Member of Michigan Legislature.

Lansing, Mich., Dec. 10.—Announcement was made yesterday at the office of the state land commissioner that a warrant had been issued in Montmorenci county on complaint of the department for the arrest of Harry P. Gustin, of Alpena, former member of the legislature and candidate in 1900 for the Republican nomination for land commissioner, who disappeared from his home last week.

Gustin is charged with trespass on state lands and the theft of a considerable amount of timber.

ENGLAND ADHERES TO OLD, FONDLY RESPECTED CUSTOMS

London, Dec. 10.—The installation of the year's mayors is in many towns accompanied by some quaint ceremony or custom. At Brightlilingsea the induction is performed in the parish belfry. The retiring mayor of Bournemouth, after placing the mayoral chain round his successor's neck salutes him with a kiss.

The new mayor of Dunstable beats the boundaries. After his formal election the members of the corporation form a procession, and, headed by a brass band march to the nearest point of the town's boundary. There is a post to mark the spot, and after the bellman, or town crier, has rung his bell for order and the borough's charter has been read the new mayor is lifted shoulder high and seated more or less gently on the top of the post. The same process is repeated at other points in the boundary, and when the tale of posts is complete the mayor should have no excuse for ignorance as to where his jurisdiction begins and ends.

Customs Had Simple Origin.

The origin of the old custom of beating the bounds is simple enough. In days when mays were scarce and surveys unknown, tradition alone served to keep the town's limits, and an annual circumambulation of the boundaries kept their position clear in the minds of the townsmen.

In some boroughs where the custom still obtains the mayor plays a less active part, and at certain points a young boy is ducked in a pond or river, or otherwise has it physically impressed upon his mind and body that this is a place he must remember. By thus impressing a young boy it is hoped that for one generation at least that particular spot on the boundary will not be forgotten.

At Newcastle-under-Lynne the new mayor, following a custom more than 750 years old, is publicly proclaimed at the market cross. The mayor of Lincoln receives an ancient ring, which has been worn by his predecessors for centuries. Both the lord mayor and the lady mayoress of York receive silver headed oak staves, and both have chains of office. At High Wycombe the new mayor and all the other members of the council proceed after the election to the room in the town hall where the official weights and measures are kept, and they all are solemnly weighed, the figures being kept among the municipal records.

Bank of England Loses Prestige.

Competent observers no longer conceal from themselves what has been already pointed out—namely, that the Bank of England is fast losing control of the world's monetary policy and that New York's position as the world's financial center is daily becoming more assured and accentuated.

One established feature of the London position is that it seems no longer possible by the imposition of a higher discount rate to compel the foreigner to replenish the depleted coffers of the Bank of England. For the eighth week in succession the bank's reserves of bullion have undergone severe reductions and the ratio of reserves to liabilities has fallen to 45½ per cent.

In order to attract gold to London the Bank of England within little more than a fortnight found it necessary to double its official discount rate, which at the moment of writing stands at 5 per cent. It is nowhere higher in Europe except at Lisbon, where funds are perpetually short and where 6 per cent is charged.

The experience of years has been that the raising of the bank rate has automatically attracted gold to London, but this time it has not righted the monetary position and has besides created an unpleasant artificial tightness which is galling to financial operators. No gold in sufficient quantities has arrived to refill the bank reserves, and even the export of sovereigns has not been definitely stayed. Within the last few weeks, for instance, Brazil has demanded over $8,000,000 for payment of coffee settlements, which are mostly made in London.

Shortage in Harvests Factor.

The size of the crops in exporting countries and the deficiency of the harvests in importing countries is another disturbing factor, but what has disappointed the London money market most is the non-responsiveness of the New York exchange, which was expected to rise to "specie point" on a 5 per cent bank rate, but which has receded instead of advancing. Plainly New York refuses to be coerced any longer.

The best the bank could do for itself was to secure the gold arrivals from South Africa; but even for this gold, which did not cover its needs, a premium had to be paid, indivative of strong foreign competition. City authorities are perplexed at the bank's loss of power, and if the bank rate should have to be raised again a situation of difficulty would be certain, possibly leading to a reconsideration of the whole monetary structure of the London market. The reflection occurs that the bank's charter is over 60 years old and needs overhauling.

There is always that famous Mointe de Fete, the Bank of France, which, with its $720,000,000 or more in its vaults, will come to the rescue—for a consideration. One begins to wonder whether the Bank of England will ever have to consider seriously its advice given by a plain American business man. Struck by the external appearance of the grimy two storied edifice set in a spacious courtyard, where ground is so valuable he remarked that "if that old bank had a live president he would run up 20 stories on the top of it, make 10 times its dividends as a real estate company and not bother any more about the moldy old banking business."

Sees Decline in Human Organs.

The doctrine of the survival of the fittest in its application to the organs of the human body prompted some highly interesting speculations in the course of Dr. J. Lindsay's Bradshaw lecture delivered before the Royal College of Physicians recently.

The lecturer suggested that "wisdom teeth are a ruined industry," and said that sensational though the thought appears it seems probable that the sense of smell, no longer of much practical importance in civilized man and hence removed from action of natural selection, is becoming rudimentary.

The many yards of the human intestine, it has been suggested, are simply "survivals from a herbiverous progenitor and of no service to a mixed feeder like man. The lecturer added that some authorities advocated snipping off a few feet from man's tediously long intestine. Like the speeches of many politicians, it is rambling involved and an interminable time coming to the point. It should be cut down.

The human jaw, Dr. Lindsay thinks, is getting smaller and smaller, which explains why the teeth are often so crowded together that the removal of some of them is a necessity in early life. Our toes, once so handy when we swung on the branches of the primeval forest, are also undergoing elimination, except the great toe, "which is of service in maintaining the upright posture."

That civilization runs counter to natural selection Dr. Lindsay thinks is evident and instances the marriage customs, the not uncommon conjunction of youth and beauty with age and wealth, for example. He also questions whether the medical responsibility is free from serious responsibility "when it preserves those whom nature has plainly marked out for elimination."

In spite of the average increasing duration of human life, the abatement of some of the worst scourages of the human race, such as tuberculosis, typhoid fever, and malaria, and the declining sick rate of benefit societies, physical degeneration is, Dr. Lindsay believes, going on in England, and the moral he deduces is the profound influence of evolution on the race and the importance to medicine of keeping in view the great discoveries of Darwin.

Antwerp Gains as Diamond Center.

Hard upon reports of a brisk demand from America for diamonds comes the interesting announcement by the Berlin Boersen Courier that the German diamond monopoly (Diamantenrege), had made an important working arrangement with a syndicate formed by the principal Antwerp houses for the sale of the German output, on the basis that two-thirds of the German production shall be regularly taken monthly by the Antwerp firms. The Antwerp market has left Amsterdam far behind and is now the most important in the world.

The arrangement is represented as the result of the increasing production of the German southwest African fields, and it is also asserted that the small German stones are superior in play of color. But the Antwerp-Berlin scheme is really the outcome of an interesting duel between the German firms and the London diamond selling syndicate, which was anxious to keep German diamonds out of the Antwerp market.

The London syndicate made reductions to the Antwerp houses in the price of the small goods, which were particularly hit by German competition, and also offered better assortments of the larger stones for which the De Beers company continues to hold the monopoly, as so far the German producers have not come forward with stones of this character. This arrangement broke down when the smaller Antwerp firms outside the combine found that they could buy still cheaper in Berlin than the big houses.

London papers quoted authorities in the diamond market as saying that no great drop in British prices was expected as the result of the Antwerp-Berlin arrangement and that the producers of large stones would not be hit in any case.

Luther Murder Called Warning.

The case of Anna Luther, who was murdered by her husband, Otto Miller, on Long Island, is held up by the German papers as a lesson and a warning to young women anxious to seek their fortunes in foreign lands. From Weldo, Anna Luther's native place, the official Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung has ascertained the following particulars which may interest those who have followed the case in New York.

When the newly married couple came over to Germany on their honeymoon trip the bride's parents formed anything but a favorable opinion of their new son-in-law. The couple had with them a German-American friend named Richard Freygang, of Newark, N. J., originally of Leipzig, Saxony. Freygang, a man of about 50, used to refer to Miller as his architect and is described by the German paper as a thoroughbred rogue.

For four weeks the two sought by various devices to obtain money from both the old Luther people and from their married children, who live at Gera. They were nearly successful in the latter case, but old Luther then forbade them the house.

Despite urgent entreaties from her kinsfolk, Anna refused to leave her husband and went back with him to New York, where she met her fate. It has now been ascertained that Freygang died later in a Leipzig hospital of an affection of the lungs.

Kaiser's Palace Nearing Completion.

The kaiser's new palace in Posen—it deserves rather to be called a fortress—is nearing completion: It was designed by the German architect, Frans Schwectens, not merely as an imperial residence, for the kaiser will not spend more than a few days each year there, but as an imposing sign of the German government's determination to maintain its grip on Prussian Poland, of which Posen is the capital, and carry out unflinchingly its policy of Germanizing an alien and hostile people.

The castle is expected to cost from $5,000,000 to $7,000,000 before it is finished. It confronts in granite grimness the stranger as he leaves the Posen railway station, his eye being at once attracted by its central tower, over 220 feet high. Smaller towers and bastions relieve the somber effect of the high ramparts.

The main tower contains the chapel and suites of apartments designed for the use of the kaiser and his family. The chapel is inlaid throughout with a mosaic exactly like that in the famous Wartburg. Below the chapel is the royal entrance, a huge arched hall of marble and sandstone, and at the end of this a broad stairway leads to the first story with its royal dwelling rooms and festal salons. The latter are enormous, the grand salon alone covering 600 square yards and being ornamented with marble pillars. The building of the castle, which has been going on for the last four years, has given employment to thousands of Poles, but the population of the province will always regard it as a symbol of Prussian despotism.

New Warships Show Gain.

The details of the new British cruiser Lion and the super-Dreadnought battleship Princess Royal are announced this week and both vessels show an increase in size, speed and fighting power over the present type of vessel in their respective classes.

The Lion will be the most formidable ship of its kind—biggest, fastest and most powerful offensively. It will have a displacement of 26,500 tons, and the shaft horsepower of its turbines will be 70,000 and its speed 28 knots. The vessel will be 700 feet long between perpendiculars and 86 feet 6 inches in extreme beam, practically the length of the latest Cunard liner.

It is to mount eight of the latest type of 12-inch 50-caliber guns. The weapons will be in pairs and all on the middle line.

FOUR MEN HOLD UP CROWD

New Jersey Bandits Get Only $115 Out of $7,000.

Newark, N. J., Dec. 11.—Four robbers held up Clauss saloon full of men here last evening, shot one man in the head, made a bold play for $7,000, got $115 of it and escaped, leaving no clue.

They would have gotten all the weekly dues paid by members of the Thirteenth Ward Building and Loan association if one of the members had not snatched the money and put it in a safe.

After a general fight, in which the robbers failed to shoot to kill, the bandits bolted.

For Supreme Court

JUDGE HORACE LURTON.

LAST OF CHIEFS GONE

Red Cloud, Wily Foe of Palefaces, Dies on Pine Ridge Reserve.

Washington, Dec. 11.—Red Cloud, the famous old Sioux Indian chief, is dead. This information was received yesterday by Superintendent Brennan of the Pine Ridge Indian agency, who is in Washington attending the meeting of those interested in the education of the Indian. Red Cloud belonged to the old type of Indian. He was 86 years old and for the last 25 years had lived at the Pine Ridge agency.

Red Cloud was the last of the great Indian chieftains. He belonged to a class of aborigines which never was civilized. He fought his battles for principles which he believed to be righteous and always maintained that his people had been greatly wronged.

Always Caused Trouble.

Chief Red Cloud first became known as an important personage in Indian affairs in the summer of 1865, at which time he became sub-chief of the Brule Sioux tribe. His tribunal territory extended from the North Platte river on the Big Horn mountains and west to the Black hills. He was known as hostile and caused continuous trouble by his forays against small military posts, stealing government live stock and attacking immigrant trains. He was the compatriot of such chiefs as Spotted Tail, Standing Elk, American Horse, Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse and Big Ribs.

Early in 1866 Red Cloud deposed Big Ribs, his head chief, on account of age, and extended his own dominion over the Ogallala Sioux and represented practically all divisions of the Sioux tribe in the treaty meeting held at Fort Laramie.

The question at issue at this convention was the building of the Union Pacific railway through this territory. Red Cloud's following of 5,000 hostile Indians accompanied him to Laramie. It was agreed that the railroad should pass up the Platte valley, but Red Cloud and his braves opposed the opening of the "Bozeman trail," extending northwest from Laramie, which was the ideal hunting grounds of the Sioux.

Threatens the Whites.

While the treaty meeting was in session two regiments of regulars arrived and without awaiting the result of the meeting occupied the Bozeman trail. Red Cloud rose from the convention and declaring the white people had betrayed him, said: "You may take my country but I will mark every mile of your road from North Platte to the Yellowstone with the dead bodies of your soldiers."

When the wily chief and his followers left Laramie they took the precaution to drive off several hundred cattle, horses and mules belonging to the government. He then organized the Sioux forces over a wide territory and began a war which had its climax in August, 1867, when with his braves he was given a crushing blow by the Eighteenth infantry. His followers lost confidence in their leader and Red Cloud was cornered in 1869. He was placed on the Pine Ridge reservation, where he has remained since.

TO CURB RAILROADS

Cummins Has Plan for Strict Law.

Washington, Dec. 10.—A controversy over railroad legislation will be precipitated in congress this winter, which promises to surpass the legislative conflict over railroad rates of four years ago. The first gun was fired today by Senator Cummins, of Iowa, when he introduced a bill proposing radical changes in the interstate commerce act. In a large sense the Cummins measure is a practical substitute for the present interstate commerce act. It is expected that a measure proposing amendments to the existing law will be introduced early in January by Senator Elkins, which will differ from the Cummins bill in many important details.

In brief, the Cummins bill requires the interstate commerce commission to promulgate a uniform classification of freight and to prepare a plan for the statement of freight rates which shall hereafter be made in a uniform way. The carriers are required to adopt this classification. The commission is authorized to consider rates on its own motion with a view to determining their reasonableness and is empowered to fix maximum and minimum rates. In any action instituted in court to set aside an order of the commission respecting rates the courts are prevented from inquiring into the reasonableness or sufficiency of any rate fixed by the commission.

The bill provides that changes in rates shall not become effective until they are approved by the commission. It prohibits the acquisition of control by any common carrier of any parallel or competing line, or from acquiring the capital stock or bonds of any other carrier that is a competitor. By the terms of the bill, a carrier is prohibited from issuing any capital stock without payment at par, either in money or property, and, in effect the commission shall have supervision of the issues of stocks and bonds by any carrier. Specific directions are given for the disposition of the proceeds of any sale of bonds. After January 1, 1911, no carrier doing interstate business shall be permitted to engage in any other business than that of a common carrier.

TAFT ISSUES A GAG ORDER

Department Heads Only Can Give Information.

Washington, Dec. 1.—A gag order affecting the furnishing of information to any committee of the house or senate or any member of congress, except as authorized by the head of the department in which such official served, has been promulgated by the President. The order is directed at bureau officers or division chiefs, and officers of the army, navy and marine corps stationed in Washington.

Prohibition also is made against any such officers applying to either house of congress, or to any committee, or any member of congress for legislation or appropriations or for congressional action of any kind, except through or as authorized by the head of their respective departments.

In explanation of the order it was stated at the executive offices that it had for its object the centralization of authority in the heads of departments.

TAFT NAMES LURTON

Tennessee Man Is Nominated for Supreme Bench.

Washington, Dec. 13.—The President today nominated Horace H. Lurton, of Tennessee, to be an associate justice of the supreme court of the United States.

Judge Lurton is a Tennessee man, and was appointed judge of the sixth circuit by President Cleveland, March 27, 1893. He was a Democrat in politics at that time. President Taft was himself a judge of the sixth circuit at the time he was appointed governor of the Philippines in 1898, and it was his association with Judge Lurton that gave him such a high opinion of the legal qualifications of the Tennessee jurist.

The President also nominated George A. Carpenter, of Illinois, for United States district judge for the northern district of Illinois, to succeed the late Judge Bethea.

FITS I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS to send for one of my large-sized 16-ounce bottles **FREE**
DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 59, Kansas City, Mo.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED
No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms.
Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. **FREE TEST TREATMENT** Including medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending name of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M.D. Dept. 8. American Express Building, Chicago.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great, Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy, Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.00. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

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Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

WANTED! Young Men! Railroad! Brakemen, Firemen, Motormen, Conductors. Experience unnecessary. Instructions by Mail. Send for application blank. Give age, and name position. I. Railway C. I. No. 38. Indianapolis, Ind.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.
I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims.
Address, (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

SKUNK Highest prices paid for skunk & other furs. Write M. J. Jewett & Sons, Redwood, N. Y., Dept. 17.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce Poultry Powders among farmers. Steady work. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., DEPT. 84 PARSONS, KANS.

GUNS GUNS GUNS
Holiday bargain! Cleaning up our United States Springfield breech loading rifles, .45 caliber, perfect condition; good shooters; only $1. Send stamp for other government guns and supplies. Ohio Supply Co., Box 805, Steubenville, O.

WE CAN SELL YOUR FARM or other PROPERTY, no matter where located. Send description. If you wish to buy property write us. Duttenhofer Sales Union, 1835 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

LADIES Our new "Protector" is safe and sure. Price $1.00. Every woman wants one. Made of silk rubber. Fairbank Supply House, M-M 60 Wabash, Chicago.

The Rifle That Reached the Pole.
The Winchester is the rifle that went to the North Pole. It was carried personally by Commander Robt. E. Peary. In regard to this Commander Peary says: "Personally I always carry a Winchester Rifle. On my last expedition I had a Model 1892 .44 caliber carbine and Winchester cartridges, which I carried with me right to the North Pole." Harry Whitney also carried Winchester rifles and cartridges on his hunting trip in the Arctic regions. He says: "They never failed me." Ex-President Roosevelt, too, is using Winchester rifles and cartridges in Africa and writes of his success with them in his Scribner articles. The fact that all these great figures in the present day annals of hunting and exploration personally chose Winchester rifles and cartridges for their equipment carries its own suggestion. Such experienced men would not carry rifles and cartridges which they did not consider absolutely dependable.

WHY REMAIN where the climatic conditions are so much against you, when you can purchase the richest land at lowest prices, in the county of Manatee, on which you can raise abundant fruit and vegetable crops the entire year? A ten-acre farm here will net you as much as a hundred acres in the northern states. Delightful climate, no droughts, close to markets, abundant labor, good schools. Goods shipped from Florida are sold at the highest prices in the northern markets. Locate in the land of Manatee, establish a fruit and vegetable farm and become independent. Booklet and full information upon request. Write to J. W. White, Gen'l Inds. Agt., S. A. L. Railway, Norfolk, Va.

**WE WANT TO GIVE YOU STEADY WORK

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR.

JENNINGS.

A THOUGHT OR TWO

By Beth

A MAN said to me the other day while he was engaged in a task pertaining to his business: "I suppose some one will take this up after I am gone and perhaps do it better than I have. I suppose the business will go on the same without me."

His words were tinged with sadness, as if he were reflecting how soon the gap we make when we drop out of existence or active service closes over, and how there is always some to take the place we have filled, and, perhaps, as he said, fill it better.

It may be true there is none who are indispensable, but this is a thought not to think, since it is likely to have the effect of taking from our work, our interest and earnestness, which are the only things that make work worth while and a pleasure. When robbed of these, work becomes a heavy burden and of little value.

What if there is someone to take up our work and carry it on after we are gone? What if there is someone to carry it on even better? This is something to be glad of instead of feeling that our efforts are futile, and that, after our labors here are done, we shall not be missed.

Since life began it has been a rotation of building for others, and so long as life lasts it will continue to be—building for others. This is the thought to hold in mind and to use as a guide for our lives and for our endeavors. Some way, some how, each one of us is building for the "some one" who will take up our work where we left off, and the better we build, the better it will be for what we may have done, and for those who come after.

MUCH of that which is called New Thought has a weakening, benumbing effect upon those who become immersed in its philosophy. It is a thief of sympathy; it takes hospitality from the heart, and, while it may enable its disciples to think they are happy, it is often a selfish happiness in which they are absorbed.

If one line of thought is followed long enough, it is possible to make oneself believe anything one wants to and to live in an unreal world. It is a form of Lotus eating which throws its devotees into a dream. The dream is beautiful to those who are in it, but what of those who are outside shivering in the dark? Those who go into this dream have been drawn there because of personal unhappiness in some form or other, and, in beating about to find a way of escape, they seize upon something which assures them there is no sorrow or suffering and that everything is right.

It is good to say and believe that "everything will come out all right in the end;" to look toward the break of dawn rather than toward the sunset; to live in the light rather than in the shadows, but everything will not come out "all right," unless we help to make it come.

In the great scheme of life we are collective, not individual. It is not everyone for himself, but each for the other, and those who become absorbed in the task of making only themselves happy, by shutting out and denying the existence of evil and suffering, have reached the limit of selfishness.

Whatever you are, whatever you may believe, whatever you may become, never forget to be human. There is none who may not be a missionary; not to the so-called "heathen," but to another, to anyone who is in distress.

Love and sympathy—these are the greatest needs of the world. Have of these an inexhaustible store. Give of them freely, and—well, you know without being told, what will come to you in return.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Give kindness, hope, and gentle sympathy,
How many for the lack of these have died,
When other wants have amply been supplied.

MONDAY

Never look backward to what we have been, but forward to what we shall be; to what we shall do.

TUESDAY

From out of the depths of sorrow and mourning, the richest and fullest lives may come.

WEDNESDAY

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

THURSDAY

The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life,
Provided it could be,—but finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair.

FRIDAY

Fret not against nor brood over the limitations of your lot, but consider its divine possibilities. What you can do, let that have your heart and mind and strength.

SATURDAY

Facing us somewhere
Spread the sweet meadows;
Dawn harbors surely
East of the shadows.

GLADSTONE CENTENARY

From Book News.

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE.
From a photograph taken in 1886.

To the list of great men's hundredth birthday anniversaries is added, this month, the centennary of William Ewart Gladstone, who was born at Liverpool, December 29, 1809, the same year that witnessed the birth of two other great Englishmen, Darwin and Tennyson. Gladstone's political career was one of the most remarkable in modern politics. He was for 63 years a member of parliament—a length of time unequalled in English history. Four times he was prime minister and for 28 years he was the acknowledged leader of the Liberal party. To give the facts of Gladstone's parliamentary service would be to relate the history of England from 1833 to 1894.

SOME POINTERS

Elizabeth Ayres.

Men and women who have full lives of their own have neither time nor inclination for research into the lives of others.

There are circumstances when, in order to be kind, we must seemingly be cruel.

In doing good to others, in thinking good of others, you are doing good to yourself.

The right kind of love never tries to enslave, own or dominate the one who is loved.

There are illnesses which physicians cannot cure. In such cases it is the exercise of your own strength and will power which will bring healing.

Throughout the ages, the old Mosaic law has never ceased to be enforced: "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

The Christmas gift left over from the past year's harvest—are you going to pass it on?

Time spent in resenting an injury is time that is lost. Think, rather, where you yourself may have been to blame.

If we expect and work for the best, we are fairly sure to end by getting it.

A kindly word, a pleasant smile, are never wasted. They always come back when they are most needed.

A woman will always find a way for condoning and excusing a man's delinquencies—if it is what she wants to do.

CHRISTMAS HINTS

Booklet Satchets.

Small pieces of ribbon or silk can be made into tiny booklets with backings of pasteboard. They are small affairs, not more than an inch square, yet all made to resemble a book. Fill with sachet powder, close the book and stitch. They are clever when made of plain silk in book colors, with backs traced with black India ink.

How to Use Holly.

To decorate a room with holly, you will find that black patent thread is useful to fasten from the chandeller to the walls. These strings are invisible when covered with holly. The holly has such uneven branches that it is easily laid over the thread and catches and holds. A single thread will sustain many small branches. It is really one of the easiest ways to use holly, for it often slips from bowls and jars.

Acknowledging Gifts.

There are persons who do not acknowledge gifts. They wait for a favorable opportunity, then escape the usual form of extending thanks by saying, "Oh, I want to thank you before I forget it for the lovely present you sent me." The donor can not feel that the gift was much appreciated. It matters not what is given, the gift should be acknowledged at the earliest possible moment.

THE POETS' CORNER

HOW HE SAVED ST. MICHAEL'S

By M. A. P. Stansbury.

So you beg for a story, my darling, my brown-eyed Leopold,
And you, Alice, with face like morning and curling locks of gold.
Then come if you will, and listen—stand close beside my knee—
To a tale of the southern city, proud Charleston by the sea.

It was long ago, my children, ere ever the signal gun
That blazed above Fort Sumter had awakened the north as one;
Long ere the wondrous pillar of battle, cloud and fire,
Had marked where the unchained millions marched on to their hearts' desire.

On the roofs and the glittering turrets, that night as the sun went down,
The mellow glow of the twilight shone like a jewel'd crown;
And, bathed in the living glory, as the people lifted their eyes,
They saw the pride of the city, the spire of St. Michael's rise.

The gently gathering shadows shut out the waning light;
The children pray'd at their bedsides, as you will pray tonight;
The noise of buyer and seller from the busy mart was gone;
And in dreams of a peaceful morrow the city slumber'd on.

But another light than sunrise aroused the sleeping street;
For a cry was heard at midnight, and the rush of trampling feet;
Men stared in each other's faces through mingled fire and smoke,
While the frantic bells went clashing, clamorous stroke on stroke.

By the glare of her blazing roof-tree the houseless mother fled,
With the babe she press'd to her bosom shrieking in nameless dread
While the fire-king's wild battalions scaled wall and capstone high,
And planted their flaring banners against an inky sky.

From the death that raged behind them, and the crash of ruin loud,
To the great square of the city were driven the surging crowd:
Where yet, firm in all the tumult, unscathed by the fiery flood,
With its heavenward-pointing finger the church of St. Michael stood.

And e'en as they gazed upon it there rose a sudden wail—
A cry of horror, blended with the roaring of the gale,
On whose scorching wings up-driven, a single flaming brand
Aloft on the towering steeple clung like a bloody hand.

"Will it fade?" The whisper trembled from a thousand whitening lips;
Far out on the lurid harbor they watch'd it from the ships—
A baleful gleam that brighter and ever brighter grew,
Like a flickering, trembling will-o'-wisp to a steady beacon grown.

"Uncounted gold shall be given to the man whose brave right hand
For the love of the peril'd city, plucks down yon burning brand!"
So cried the mayor of Charleston, that all the people heard;
But they look'd each one at his fellow; and no man spoke a word.

Who is it leans from the belfry, with face upturn'd to the sky,
Clings to a column, and measures the dizzy spire with his eye?
Will he dare it, the hero undaunted, that terrible, sickening height?
Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in his veins at the sight?

But see! he has stepp'd on the railing; he climbs with his feet and his hands;
And firm on a narrow projection, with the belfry beneath him, he stands;
Now once, and once only, they cheer him—a single tempestuous breath—
And there falls on the multitude gazing a hush like the stillness of death.

Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught save the goal of the fire,
Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on the face of the spire.
He stops! Will he fall? Lo, for answer, a gleam like a meteor's track,
And, hurl'd on the stones of the pavement, the red brand lies shatter'd and black.

Once more the shouts of the people have rent the quivering air;
At the church door mayor and council wait with their feet on the stair;
And the eager throng behind them press for a touch of his hand—
The unknown hero, whose daring could compass a deed so grand.

But why does a sudden tremor seize on them while they gaze?
And what means that stifled murmur of wonder and amaze?
He stood in the gate of the temple he had peril'd his life to save;
And the face of the hero undaunted was the sable face of a slave.

With folded arms he was speaking, in tones that were clear, not loud,
And his eyes, ablaze in their sockets, burnt into the eyes of the crowd;
"You may keep your gold: I scorn it!—but answer me, ye who can,
If the deed I have done before you be not the deed of a man?"

He stepp'd but a short space backward; and from all the women and men
There were only sobs for answer; and the mayor call'd for a pen,
And the great seal of the city, that he might read who ran;
And the slave who saved St. Michael's went out from its door, a man.

SWINGING IN THE GRAPEVINE SWING

Author Unknown.

When I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the deep bayou,
The fairest spot of all creation,
Under the arching blue;
When the winds come o'er the cotton and corn,
To the long slip loop I would spring,
With brown feet bare and hat brim torn,
I'd swing in the grapevine swing.

CHORUS.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I'd dream and sigh, for days gone by,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Out over the water lilies bonny and bright,
Back to the moss grown trees,
With ringing laugh and heart as light
As a rose tossed by the breeze;
The mockingbirds all echoed my glee,
And I longed for no angel wings,
I was near heav'n as I wished to be,
While swinging in the grapevine swing.

I'm weary at morn and I'm weary at night,
Fretted and sore at heart,
And care is sowing my locks with white,
As I wend through the fevered mart;
I am weary of the world's pride and pomp,
For to me no joy it can bring,
I would barter it all for one day's romp,
And a swing in the grapevine swing.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

By Thomas Buchanan Read.

Up from the South, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea, uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed.
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? What to do? a glance told both.
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There, with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away."

A PACKAGE OF OLD LETTERS

Author Unknown.

In a little rosewood casket that is resting on the stand.
There's a package of old letters written by a cherished hand;
Will you go and bring them, sister, and read them all tonight?
I have often tried but could not, for the tears would blind my sight.

CHORUS.

In a little rosewood casket that is resting on the stand,
There's a package of old letters written by a cherished hand.

Come up closer to me, sister, let me lean upon thy breast,
For the tide of life is ebbing and I fain would be at rest;
Bring the letters he has written, he whose voice I've often heard,
Read them over, love, distinctly, for I've cherished every word.

Tell him, sister, when you see him, that I never ceased to love,
That I dying prayed to Him in the better world above;
Tell him that I was supported, ne'er a word of censure spoke,
But his silence and his absence broke poor heart have well-nigh broke.

Tell him that I watched his coming when the noontide sun was high,
And when at eve the angels set their star lights in the sky;
But when I saw he came not, tell him that I did not chide,
But I spoke in love about him, and I blessed him when I died.

And when in death's white garments you have wrapped my form around,
And have laid me down to slumber in the quiet church-yard ground,
Place the letters and the picture close beside my pulseless heart,
We for years have been together, and in death we will not part.

I am ready now, my sister, you may read the letters o'er.
I will listen to the words of him whom I shall see no more;
And e'er you shall have finished, should I calmly fall asleep
Fall asleep in death and wake not, dearest sister, do not weep.

POEMS REQUESTED

Two poems published in McGuffey's School Reader in the fifties are asked for. One is The Coral Insect, by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, beginning: Toil on, toil on, ye ephemeral train. The other is The Mariner's Dream. Two lines are:

Days, weeks, years and ages shall circle away,
And still the bright waters above them shall roll.

The author is William Dimond.

These old poems are wanted: Never Smiled Again; Too Late for School; The Old Family Horse, and one which contains these lines:

Anger and pride are both unwise;
Vinegar never catches flies.

These poems are requested: Happy Days at Old Ben Johnson's, a poem by Julia C. R. Dorr, entitled Margery Grey, having for its last lines: "O the wondrous golden sunset of that blest October day," and The Barefoot Boy.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

"SUNNY" IS ANSWERED

In the Cozy Corner of Dec. 2, we published a letter, under the head "She Wants to Know," written by one of our members who called herself Sunny. The following is a part of her letter, reprinted so that the two bright letters we have received in quick response, may be fully appreciated:

"If a thing is worth doing at all, is it worth doing right? Now please don't all speak at once.

"I was taught that it was, but recently I came in contact with a woman who thought not. Her work is 'rushed' through any way to get it done. She bears the reputation of being a great worker. Her men folks think her nearly perfect, notwithstanding her high temper and sharp tongue.

"This is an instance of how she works:

"I saw her take a bucket of dirty wash water, throw it over the kitchen floor, scrub it a little and wipe it up. There was no rinsing. I smiled to myself as I thought how my mother would have made me scrub it over. She never rinses tubs, nor washes her butter, and yet she makes good butter and is considered a model woman.

I want some one older than I, who has had experience, to tell me, can one be too particular?"

LETTER NO. 1

I have been an interested reader of The Blade for some time and especially to the Cozy Corner, and after reading Sunny's letter, I thought I would venture to put in a few words. She wants to know if a thing is worth doing at all, is it worth doing right? I think it is, providing one has the time and strength to do everything as it should be done. She wants to know also, if one can be too particular. I think this is possible in keeping house. Who has more different things to look after than a housewife? If she aims at perfection, I am afraid some thing will have to go undone. When a woman has a family of little ones, and does her own washing, ironing, cooking, baking, sweeping, dusting, milking, churning and numerous other things that end with "ing," and perhaps has a lot of sewing laid away that needs to be attended to, is it any wonder that she sometimes has to shirk a little in order to get through?

Sunny speaks of a woman she knows who "rushes" her work, and says her men folks thing her nearly perfect, notwithstanding her high temper and sharp tongue. Perhaps those men folks know that temper is only on the surface and a great deal of love and goodness are back of it all. Anyway, is it not a grand thing when man and wife understand and love each other in spite of imperfections, and is it not a blessed good thing, also, that we housewives do not have to do our work according to other women's methods? If our families are satisfied, surely outsiders need not care, even though the work is not done according to some other woman's way.

Now please do not think by what I have said that I do not love to see a well kept house, for there is no one who likes to have an orderly house better than I, but when it is impossible to keep it so without making the whole family miserable, then there is a happy medium, and we should do the best we can and not fret or worry too much if everything is not done to perfection, at least I have found it so.—Happy Medium.

LETTER NO. 2

I have been a reader of The Blade for many years, but this is the first time I have written for publication. In the paper for Dec. 2 is an article that seems just a little unjust. A correspondent calling herself Sunny, finds fault with a neighbor for "rushing things." Now, the way I look at it is this: if the neighbor wants to rush, why let her, and as for her men folks thinking her a great worker and perfect, my stars! they should have a crown. Think how many of us put our strength into doing our best work all day, and far into the night, and do not get even a "thank you.' It is all supposed to be our duty.

I have the best of neighbors, but very few of us are able to do our work alike. One of my neighbors is quite stout, as I am myself, and she gets down on her knees and scrubs the kitchen floor three times a week; as a consequence her back and knees hurt her continually. I would not do it. In the first place, a good mop and plenty of good, clean water are all that are necessary. If she wanted to throw suds on her floor and wipe it up, it is her floor, and none of my business.

Please, Mrs. Sunny, read the next letter in the same issue of the paper. If you want to putter along all day and be too tired at night to be company for your family, that is your business—none of your neighbors'. Look kindly at your neighbor through the large end of the glass and find her good qualities. She has them, or she could not live; then come back and tell us all about them. We want to read of the "good" of our neighbors, for they all have some kind of good. I'll sign my nickname, even if I am a two hundred pounder.—Caddie.

A FAMILY RECORD

I have been a reader of The Blade for four years and have enjoyed reading the Household Page very much. I have been married 24 years and have nine children—five sons and four daughters. Seven of them are still with me. My eldest son is the editor of our county paper. The next eldest is attending college. My other seven children go to a free school. My eldest daughter is preparing to attend college next fall. I enjoy working for my children and encourage them to go to school. I am interested in all matters pertaining to the raising of children.

I was an orphan girl, and lived with my dear old uncle and aunt and helped with the work in the field when I was needed. I now help my good husband with his outdoor work, when it is necessary. I think women should help their husbands in any way they can. I will come again and tell about Virginia, the dear old country I live in.—Happy.

SATISFIED WITH LIFE

I think The Blade is one of the best papers in the world and I enjoy the Household page so much, I thought I would write a letter. I live on a small farm of about 25 acres, about four miles from Temple, Georgia. I am the mother of three children, two living and one dead. I am a farmer's wife and I think I like the country much better than the city. I have tried both. I do not think that country women grow old any faster than the city women. I am 60 years old, but I am still able to do a great deal of work. I do all of my housework with the help of my daughter and help my husband in the field. I think it is right for women to help with the field work when necessary, and I think it is right for their husbands to help in the house, also. I have one of the best men in the world. I help him and then he helps me.

I get my pin money by selling chickens, eggs and butter and it is a great help to me. We have two good little country stores within a mile of us and three good schools and churches. I will come again.—Mrs. Susie Brooks.

PUMPKIN PIES

I would like to tell you that in making pumpkin pies, if the seasoning is all mixed together before putting in the milk, the pies will be better. Beat the ingredients together as if making cake, and put in the milk last.—Aunt Em.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED

Miss Cheer-Up sends to Angel a "recipe" for a carpet rag social. Every girl attending is expected to take a small ball of carpet rags in the center of which is a piece of paper on which her name is written. These balls are sold like they are at a box social. This makes lots of fun and not much work.

Another kind of social is the surprise paper doll bazar. The dolls are made in this manner: Small paper bags are filled with candy, popcorn, nuts or cheap toys packed in excelsior. The bags are covered with tissue paper dresses and the heads are made of white tissue paper on which faces are drawn or painted. They are topped off with little poke bonnets. The dolls are arranged on a table and no one is permitted to take one without first purchasing it. The dolls may be made to look like Dutch, Japanese and all sorts and kinds of children.

FROM THE CHILDREN

It is too bad that we cannot give a corner to the Children every week. They write from every state in the union, and because we have not enough room only a few can be published. This week, the children are to have a place filled with stories they have written, and perhaps two or three letters. The first is an old, old story retold and published exactly as it came to The Blade. It is called:

Moses in the Basket.

By Hattie Best.

I will tell you a story,
About a little boy,
It is a pretty story,
I have often read it
In the Bible.

Once there was a basket
Found in the rushes,
By the side of a river.
It was made tight,
So that the water
Could not get into it.
There was a number of women
Near where the basket was found.

One of them was a princess,
And her father was the
King of that country.
When they looked into the basket,
They saw there a little baby!
Strange that any mother
Should leave her babe
In such a place.

I will tell you the reason
She left him there.
She was a Hebrew woman,
The king of the country
Where the child was found,
Was wicked, and hated
All the Hebrew people.

He hated them so much, he gave
Orders to have all their little boys
Killed as soon as they were born.
The mother of this babe
Put him in the basket, or ark,
To save his life.

She thought, I suppose,
That somebody would come
And have pity on him.
And there was a friend of hers
Very near to see what
Would become of the child.

Well, the king's daughter
Heard the babe cry,
And she did pity him.
The woman who was watching him,
Asked if she should not go and call a nurse.
The princess said yes,
And the woman went and called
The little baby's mother.

So the child was saved
And lived many years;
And the Lord made him
A very great and useful man.
The name of this child
Was Moses.

A little girl from Loveland, Colorado, sends us this story: Once upon a time there was a little girl. Her name was Mary. If she was told to do anything, she would say, "In a minute." If her mother would say, "bring me my coat," she would say, "yes, in a minute." If her father would call her for a ride, it was the same.

One day someone came in and left the door to her bird's cage open.

"Shut the door, quick!" said her mother.

"Yes, in a minute," she answered. She was reading a book.

But the cat did not wait. In she came, with one jump, had the bird in her mouth. Down went the book on the floor and away ran Mary after the cat. Soon she came back with the dead bird in her hand. It was a sad lesson for Mary, but it was one she never forgot.—Jennie Frances Evans.

My name is Dollie Bryant. I live in Middlebourne, Ohio. I am nine years old. I go to school every day. I am in the fourth grade. I like to read The Blade, and I like to read the children's letters. My mamma is dead and my papa is a traveling man. I have two sisters younger than I. I live with my grandpa and grandma. My papa is hardly ever at home. I take my music lesson on Saturday. I have not many playthings, only my dog. I like to play with my dog. My papa is the only one that takes The Blade here, and he subscribed for it when away, for he thought it was such a good paper. He thought I would like to read the children's letters. This is the first letter for me. Good-bye.

Hello, boys and girls!

The last letter I wrote was not published, so I thought I would write again. I go to school. I like my teacher. I am in the fifth reader. I live about two miles from Pulaski on a farm of 52 acres. I like country life. I am ten years old. Through the summer I have chickens for my pets. I am a cripple and could not go to school for a long time. For the past two years I have been able to attend school. I haven't got far to go. When it is pretty weather I walk, and if not, my papa or brother take me. I will sign my name—Dolly.

SEND NO MONEY—2¼ oz. 22-inch Short Stem Switch $1.40. We trust you 12 days. Just send a lock of your hair and we will mail you this switch, an exact match, on approval—full 2¼ oz., 22 inch length, with extra short stem made of fine quality human hair. On examination, if you find it a wonderful bargain and worth double, send us $1.40 in 12 days, or sell three switches and get your switch free. Enclose 5c for postage. Blonde, Drab and Gray shades cost a little more. The $50,000 Della Carson Beauty Book and big illustrated catalog, showing complete line of Hair Goods, Free on request. Conney Brothers, Dept. A. 279, 1841 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Write Today.

BY EMILY S. BOUTON

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MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.; Mental, moral and social improvement.

Today we have for our column, two letters from West Virginia. The letter from Luther, the West Virginian, was written in the fall, so the beginnig of it is a little past due, but I think you will find it none the less interesting.—Miss Prudence.

The hills of West Virginia are showing the signs of autumn, and the frost has already visited us. Farmers have been busy gathering their crops, and in this vicinity, much ginseng has been dug, but the ginseng days will soon be over.

Here are some questions that probably some of the M. G. R.'s will be kind enough to answer: What do the Chinese use ginseng for? What makes iron rust? Where does honey dew come from?

These are questions that are easily asked, but hard to answer, yet if anyone will answer them, I shall be very much obliged. In this vicinity of West Virginia, I have noticed many queer and strange things. In the first place, there has been a scarcity of fruit this year, except apples. It was thought that the frost had killed them. The bigger portion of the money that the bees procured is supposed to have come from the honey dew as there has been but little bloom, and the honey dew was plentiful. Such insects as beech lice, hornets, yellow jackets, wasps, bees, etc., have been uncommonly thick this year. I never noticed so many before. One might go into the woods anywhere and find thousands of beech lice on many of the beeches. What makes these things so thick this year is more than I can tell. I will leave this subject, as I suppose you are tired of it. You can use your imaginative powers if you want to know more about it.

I wonder if it is wrong to imagine things. I think the imaginative powers should be used freely, yet they should be trained in the right direction, that is, one should think pure and helpful thoughts only.

Now I will give you some foolishness, and then I shall close. Name two natural yet unnatural curiosities in the United States. The answers are: Wheeling, W. Va., on the Ohio river without a wheel barrow, and Lansing, Mich., without a knife. Yours truly, —Luther, the West Virginian.

Mr. Luther:—Ginseng is used by the Chinese as a panacea, or all-healing medicine. The other questions I shall leave for some one else to answer. I believe in the reciprocity system being applied to work.—Miss Prudence.

A member from the Switzerland of America wishes to be admitted to your circle as I have long been an admirer of your letters. I wish that I had been born a poet so that I could tell you about West Virginia. If I could transfer some of our scenes to paper I am sure that those of you who have never visited us would at least, wonder. Even on the shores of the clear sparkling Gouley, where I have spent most of my life, there are weird canyons that would be a fit abode for the Witches of Endor, and there are beautiful landscapes which, on our starry, moonlight night, would be appropriate places for Oberon and his troop of fairies.

Pardon me if my letter indicates that I think in plots and that my ideas are silly. If reading novels bring about this mania, I should at least be entering the first stage. I like almost all novels, and there are some that I love. Among these are David Copperfield, Little Dorritt and Barnaby Rudge, by Charles Dickens, Henry Esmond, by Thackeray, and Sir Walter Scott's Ivanhoe.

I am very fond of music and am an amateur violin player. Now I will close with best wishes to all.—Don Quixote.

This is another knock for admission to the Circle. I have never read the letters very much until a short time ago, when my parents interested me in them, so I thought I would make an effort to write one myself. I live in the eastern part of Pennsylvania, among the hills. I never enjoyed the autumn so much as I did this season. There is a large hill in front of our house which is covered with timber. The foliage was beautiful on these trees, they were colored so many different shades.

I like the free life on a farm. I have always thought I should like to go into the far west, where I could ride a pony over the prairies. I like to read the letters from the girls out there who can do all of the exciting things I should like to do. Please do not think me too reckless, for I like some indoor amusements. I am very fond of music. I have a piano and I find much pleasure in my music. I have taken only a few lessons, but as I am just 17 there is plenty of time to take more before I get too old. I think all girls should feel young at that age. I feel as young and light-hearted as I did three years ago.

Girls, do any of you have the blues? I hope you do not, because everything will look cloudy if you do. My recipe is to whistle or sing them away, which is a sure cure if you start in time.

I shall not write too long a letter this time, but I shall come again and tell more about my home and the country where I live. I send my best wishes to all the letter writers.—Miss Cheer-Up.

Dear Cheer-Up—Your "social" news is over in the Cozy Corner.

You do not know me, but I know you all, for I've been reading your letters. I hope there is some room left in your circle for me. I've been wanting to come in a long time before I was 16, and here I am 17, and until now have not knocked for admittance.

I am a Buckeye miss, and I love to work, for when I am troubled I can always forget my worries by working. It seems as if I am always doing something wrong. I cannot keep my good resolutions. When I resolve to study my lessons every evening, and my friend gives me a book that she is sure I shall like, naturally, I am not strong enough to resist temptation, I love books so. I love music also. I can play some, having taken music lessons for two years.

I think the M. G. R. has the best motto of all the mottoes, although others are good, too. I am sure if we could all live up to our motto we should be good people.

New England Girl, you certainly write the jolliest letters. Florida Old Man, tell us "lots of stories" when you get back. W. Va. Schoolmaster, I liked your letter.

I must put in a good word for The Blade. We all read it and think it is one of the best of our weekly papers. The minister of our church speaks well of it. He says he grew up with The Blade. I go to the Lutheran church and Sunday school where our dear pastor is teacher. If the welcome sign stays over the door I shall write again.—Edith Who?

Will you kindly admit a girl from Ohio into your ranks? I am 16 years old and have been taking The Blade for two years and I intend to take it some more. I think it is a "dandy" paper, if I am allowed to express it in that way. I have been reading the letters and am very much interested. I live about two miles from "Block House Inn," which was made famous by the Poe brothers, and about one and a half miles from the Hollow Rock tenting ground, where people from the cities and other places go to worship every summer.

My real name is Olive McLain, but with best wishes to you all I will close by signing my nickname.—Queen Olive.

MRS. TOM THUMB, NOW AGED 68, PET OF PARIS

What childhood has been complete without its romance of fairies, "the little people" of the woods, the mysterious elves, their pranks and their moonlight roamings! The fairy tale of youthful days has taken actual form.

The Lilliputian village, now one of the features of Paris life, is a living dream, and as one wanders around this toy-like city with tiny houses, horses no larger than dogs and coaches that bring to mind the transformation of the pumpkin, and the little people themselves, one feels like a giant who in his wrath might crush any one of these midgets with the uplifting of a foot.

The queen among the 300 mites is undisputedly the Countess Magri, or, as she is more generally known by the public, Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb.

This little woman is today, after 51 years of life behind the footlights, charming the Parisian public and the hordes of tourists from all countries by her sweetness of manner and natural charm. Just as in the days of our mothers and grandmothers, the celebrated Lilliputian, who has reached the age of 68, is as marvelous as ever. Age seems to have touched this lovable little creature lightly. Her hair still retains its dark brown color, and although she is stouter than she was, her buoyancy and sprightliness of step are those of a young woman or of a child.

P. T. Barnum first discovered her and immediately engaged her to appear at the old American museum in New York. At that time she was known by her maiden name—Lavinia Warren. So great was her success that the wily Barnum grasped the situation and realized that the "little fairies" would be one of his strongest features. After a prolonged and painstaking search for others he found the midget Charles Stratton and engaged him for the American museum.

The professional acquaintance of these two little people soon took a more tender form. They were married in 1862. Rich citizens vied with each other in showing their appreciation of this wonderful little couple by presenting them with a miscellaneous assortment of gifts. A sewing machine, perfect in every detail, one and one-half feet in height, was given to Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb by a manufacturer. Then there were a piano no higher than the seat of a chair, the keys of which were about the size of the blade in a small penknife and with the full number of octaves, chairs, beds, etc., all made of the choicest wood and upholstered in the finest satins, resembling furniture fit for the ordinary doll.

Then began a dazzling career for Gen. Tom Thumb and his wife. Perhaps no living celebrity has traveled more miles than this little lady, who is only 33 inches tall. In the 20 years of their married life Gen. Tom Thumb and his wife were the pets of royalty. The late Queen Victoria, whenever they were in England, never failed to give the royal order that they should appear before her and the royal family at Windsor castle. On these eventful occasions all state ceremony was dispensed with and the dignified queen was like an enthusiastic child when entertaining them.

Three years after the death of her husband, which occurred 25 years ago, she married an Italian, Count Magri, of Lilliputian fame. He is a most congenial consort for her, speaking fluently Italian, French and English.

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...UP HELPS CHURCH

...ngregation in Oklahoma Cultivates and Harvests Broom Corn.

...Then the new Christian church ...ilding at Beaver, Oklamoha, was ...shed last spring the congrega... found itself in debt, and apparent... without further resources for pay... of its obligations. Beaver county ...o the broomcorn region of Okla..., where the cultivation of this ...duct yields large profits. ...Let's raise the money by growing a ...of broomcorn next summer," said ...mber of the congregation, and the ...R. R. Coffey, their pastor, ap... the plan. Forty acres of land ...rented from Farmer James Crab... four miles west of Beaver, and ...entire Christian congregation, ...g and old, men and women, turned ...at the planting. ...summer passed the "church field" ...ed wonderfully. When there was ...to do willing hands were found ...it. All the time there was talk ...the prospect of high prices for ...corn, and as the season advanced ...ers began coming from eastern ...ists. ...ally, the day of harvesting ar... and the congregation of the ...ch was astir early in the morn... Fathers and mothers, boys and ..., and young men and young wo... with Elder Coffey at their head ...to the "church farm," and all ...there was laughter and pulling of ...corn "straw." ...hen night came the workers had ...led" twenty-five acres of broom... and next day the work was ...hed. The straw was hauled to town ...haled, when the price went up to ...a ton was sold—five and one-half ...of it, which turned $880 into the ...ch treasury, and came near pay... the church debt. ...urs is the only Christian church in ...ver county," said Elder Coffey. ...e membership numbers 100, and we ...e a wide-awake teachers' training ..., a Sunday school, a ladies' aid ...ety and a young men's aid associa... The church employs a pastor all ...time, and altogether, is wanting in ...way in the pioneer courage that ...ks at all obstacles."

...UEEZE INTO TIGHT PLACES

...don Suffragettes Play Hide and Seek With Police.

London, Dec. 10.—A small band of dar... suffragettes was dislodged today from ...ert Hall, where the women secreted ...selves last night preparatory to an ...aught upon Premier Asquith, who is ...launch the Liberal campaign in the ...tonight. The women were hidden in ...quarters of the vast building, some in ...king cases and others on the roof. One ...found curled up inside the huge ..., having squeezed herself in between ...s of pipes. Another step forward ...ld have plunged her into the well, ...ch is 40 feet deep. ...e government officials had scented ...ger and organized a force of beaters, ...searched every cranny of the build... and spent hours in the game of hide ...seek before the promoters of tonight's ...ting were satisfied that the intruders ...been cleared out.

TELL OF COOK BRIBES

Two Men Unfold Story of "Faking."

New York, Dec. 9.—The Times prints this morning sworn affidavits signed by August W. Loose, a pilot and navigator, and George H. Dunkle, an insurance broker that Dr. Cook promised them $4,000 for their aid in preparing the polar records of his journey, which are now in the hands of the University of Copenhagen.

The Times also reproduces what purports to be the fac simile of a pencilled memorandum, directing the preparation of observations all the way from Svaretvaag to the pole.

They freely acknowledge that their motive in making these affidavits is the alleged failure to pay them the full sum said to have been promised.

The Times further adds that it is impossible as yet to say that the observations calculated by Captain Loose and which he alleged he supplied to Dr. Cook are those actually delivered by his secretary, Mr. Lonsdale, to the University of Copenhagen.

To establish this point it would be necessary to compare Captain Loose's narrative with the report received by the university.

Copenhagen Has Faith.

Copenhagen, Dec. 9.—A summary of the affidavits of persons claiming to have aided Dr. Frederick A. Cook in the preparation of his polar data, published in London and New York today, was read here with amazement. Scientific circles are inclined to be incredulous regarding the charges, and some persons, like Dr. Carl Burrau, the astronomer, consider them so improbable that their effect will be to strengthen confidence in Dr. Cook.

NOBEL PEACE PRIZE DIVIDED

Frenchman and Belgian Share in Award.

Christiania, Dec. 11.—The Nobel peace prize as awarded yesterday is divided between Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, president of the French parliamentary group for international arbitration, and M. Beernaert, former minister of state of Belgium and Belgian representative at the last Hague peace conference.

The remaining four prizes were given by the hand of King Gustave in the presence of a great assemblage. In addition to the money prizes the recipients were given each a diploma and gold medal. The prize in each case amounts this year to $38,672. Last year the amount was $38,565.

The recipients here of the prizes, as already cabled are: For physics, divided between Guglielmo Marconi and Prof. Ferdinand Braun, of Strassburg; for chemistry, Prof. Wilhelm Ostwold, of Leipsic for physiology or medicine, Prof. Theodore Koehner, of Berne; for literature, Selma Lagerlof, the Swedish authoress.

Man of the North, There's Wealth for You in an Oklahoma Farm.

Rich Cultivated School Lands at Auction on Generous Terms.

If your energy, your brain, your brawn, are *not* bringing you the reward they *should*—if the salaried *job* or the *thin-soil* farm drag you down—do this:

Give Oklahoma a chance to put you up on your feet and make you glad with wealth, health and good cheer. Oklahoma *can* do that and Oklahoma stands *ready*.

For the first time—and the *last* time, too—the State of Oklahoma is about to offer at public *auction* half a million acres of its improved school lands in tracts of 160 acres each, no more to *any* man but that much to you at *your own* price and with forty years to pay for it.

No man ever was offered such good land on generous terms, or such generous terms on good land. It's *your* Big Chance.

There is no *richer* land in this whole state of rich land than the public school land. This land has been under cultivation by tenants *leasing* from the state government. It is cleared and fenced. Houses and barns have been built, good roads graded. Bountiful fertility absolutely proven by many crops.

On *such* land general farming makes men *rich*, and intense specialized farming *adds* to their riches. It is a land of plenty, that pays to Intelligence and Industry their *deserved* reward.

First Sale Opens December 15.—The first of the series of sales to be held in 34 counties will open in Chandler, Okla., at the county court house, December 15, and continue daily, excepting legal holidays, up to and including January 7, within which time 361 tracts of 160 acres each will be sold. Sales at Shawnee, Oklahoma City, Chickasha and other points will follow the sale at Chandler.

Conditions—Every successful bidder will come into full possession of his farm upon paying to the State, for the State's tenant, the approved value of the tenant's improvements and *five per cent* of the purchase price, with *40 years' time* (at 5% interest) to pay the balance, or the privilege of paying the total balance at any time after expiration of five years. Not more than 160 acres will be sold to one person.

This is one of those opportunities that come to men once in a lifetime. It's an opportunity such as can't come *more* than once. It's a case of take it now or *never*. If you are a farmer and want to get away from the worn-out soil where "values" are big and profits small, and want to get some of the *best* land in the world where you can *make* the *most*, write to me today and I will send you a full list of these farms and every detail of information about them.

If you are *not* a farmer, but if you want to get out of *life* all there is *in* it—now or *some* day—if you want to know what Oklahoma holds in store for men like *you*—then write to me today, tonight, and I will tell you all about this Big Chance. Don't put off writing. Write to me today. Address, L. M. ALLEN, Pass. Traffic Mgr., 153 La Salle Street Station, Chicago.

Low Rate Excursions to Chandler and other points southwest, on the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Tickets good for three weeks, allowing ample time for inspection of land. Through trains from Chicago and St. Louis via

Rock Island Lines

TILL SOIL, SAYS HILL

Pleads for More Thorough Development of Land's Resources.

Omaha, Dec. 10.—In his address at the National Corn Exposition today, James J. Hill emphasized the necessity of increasing the productivity of the farms of this country. He said in part:

"The whole subject of our food supply and its relation to population, industry, growth, institutions and everything that concerns our future is appropriate for this occasion. The true statement of the broad general fact which it is most desirable that everyone should understand is this: That this country cannot feed the population which it must necessarily have within comparatively few years if it does not change its agricultural methods. The emphasis is all on that condition clause.

"We cannot support our coming population upon the crop yield per acre that now satisfies us. We have to transform a growing decline in value and productivity of our soil under continued cultivation into a rapid increase in both. If the crisis can be seen moving upon us now, and if it took Great Britain over half a century to raise her wheat yield from about 15 bushels to 32 bushels per acre, we have no time to lose. What has to be considered, the keynote of all present discussion, is not the difficulty but the urgency of the task. The whole argument is one not of despair, but of reassurance; provided only that we do the obvious, indispensable and feasible thing, and do it now.

Public Lands Exhausted.

"Area is inelastic. Our public lands are mainly exhausted. A few more years will see the last of them. And, lest they should not be squandered quickly enough, we not only offer them to everybody under conditions that invite and reward fraud, but when the government finds itself burdened with a particularly choice and valuable tract of farm land it holds a lottery and distributes it among Tom, Dick and Harry, no matter whether farmers or speculators, after they have been collected from distant parts of the country by appealing to the passion for gambling. The areas to be obtained by reclamation work would not, all told, take care of our increase for two years. So there are final limits already in sight to the quantity of tillable land.

"The productivity of the soil and the food supply as compared with acreage and with population both decline. Our total agricultural product has been growing so rapidly and so immensely that we find it hard to realize that this may be entirely consistent with failure, at the same time, to keep pace with the growth of national needs. The country, unless there shall be a change, is approaching a time when it must import wheat to meet home needs. Other food products also lag behind the constant new demand. Since that demand cannot be escaped, and since not to meet it means want or a lowering of the standard of life and comfort in this country, which no American would wish to see, there is but one course before the nation. That is to increase the productiveness of the farm so that the earth's gifts may year by year equal or exceed the people's requirements.

Foodstuffs Our Currency.

"It is the more necessary because the great bulk of our foreign trade is made up of these commodities. Foodstuffs and articles but one remove from the soil are the currency with which we have paid for what we bought abroad. What we have to do in this country is to apply to farming the scientific knowledge, shaped now to practical uses, that will raise our average product per acre to something like that of countries which lack many of our advantages of soil and climate. When Great Britain, in what her own people regard as an age of agricultural decline, can produce 32 bushels of wheat per acre, and other grains in proportion, while the United States calls it a big crop when its average rises to 14, it argues mere want of intelligence on the part of this country; a failure to grasp the simple reasons for coming hardship and its obvious and natural remedy.

"All that is needed to turn an impending national good deficit into a surplus, to support in plenty 150 or more persons to the square mile in the United States, is the use instead of the abuse of the soil; the practice of that knowledge which agricultural schools and experiment stations have already formulated and are daily putting before the people. The future of this nation, political and moral as well as financial, is bound up with the future of the farm. By that will our character and our institutions be tried. By it, in the long run, all wealth is measured, conditioned and supported. The work of education has begun, but it must be enlarged, supplemented and advocated all the time. The institutions that are doing most for the country today are the agricultural colleges. They should grow in number, in attendance, and above all, in the expert knowledge and freedom from all political or other influence of their chiefs and instructors. You can help see to that."

7 DROWN BENEATH ICE

Two Teachers in Oak Harbor School Lose Lives While Skating.

Oak Harbor, Dec. 13.—While skating on the Portage river, near here, Nelson Davids, 19, and Marguerite Mylander, 20, teachers in district schools near here, plunged into an airhole Saturday evening and drowned.

The two were considered the best skaters in the neighborhood. They were at such a distance away from other skaters when the accident occurred that their cries for help were not heard until it was too late for them to be rescued. The ice where the accident happened was about two inches thick.

The body of Davids was recovered about 10 o'clock Saturday night and that of the young woman shortly after noon Sunday. Davids graduated from the Oak Harbor high school last year, and Miss Mylander graduated from the same institution two years ago.

Miss Mylander is survived by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Mylander, one brother and four sisters, Frances Mrs. Harry Culle and Marian, of Oak Harbor, and Mrs. A. E. McElroy, of Toledo.

Nelson Davids was the son of Mrs. C. Davids, and was a teacher of a district school. He is survived by his mother, one sister and a brother, Deputy County Auditor Albert Davids.

There is no doubt that young Davids lost his life in a supreme effort to save Miss Mylander, as he was a fine swimmer, strong, hardy and athletic.

The funerals will be held Tuesday, Miss Mylander's at the M. E. church, and Mr. Davids at St. John's Lutheran church.

FIVE DROWN IN RIVER NEAR KENT

Kent, Dec. 13.—Hundreds of people visited the stricken Cormany home west of Kent Sunday, where the bodies of Frank and Russell Cormany, brothers, and Frank's three little daughters, drowned through ice Saturday afternoon, lay in the little front room. The funeral of the five will be held Tuesday. Accidental drowning was the verdict of the coroner.

The Cormany brothers, with the three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cormany, aged 10, 7 and 4 years, went to the river to give the children a ride on a big sled, leaving the mother at home with a baby. When they failed to return home in due season a neighbor instituted a search and found a broken place in the ice and saw the sled floating in the water. He soon had others on the scene and the bodies of the five were found in close proximity in nine feet of water.

The indications were that the men had been hauling the sled on which the girls were riding when they came upon the thin ice unawares, and all sank in the water. The bodies were not clapsed together and there were no indications of a struggle.

Undertaker Brown was summoned from Cuyahoga Falls and the bodies were carried by the men to the stricken home. The sight of the five dead members of her family drove Mrs. Cormany frantic, and for a time it was feared she would become insane. Her husband was a well known resident of Stow township and lived on the farm where he was born. He was the driver of a township school wagon, hauling the pupils of his section to the centralized school.

BIG MINES ARE PLANTED

Sunk in Deep Waters of "Race" in Long Island Sound.

Washington, Dec. 9.—After years of fruitless endeavor, submarine mines have been planted in the deep waters of the "Race" at the eastern entrance to Long Island Sound, and New York City is today better fortified against attack by sea than ever before. Announcement of the solution of this difficult problem was made today by General Arthur Murray, chief of the coast artillery, in his annual report to the secretary of war.

Until recent experiments were made it was believed by army and navy officers that mines could not be planted in water deeper than 100 or 125 feet. It was found, however, by officers of the artillery that it was quite as easy to plant the mines in deep water as in shallow, if heavy enough anchors were obtainable. So with anchors weighing 1,500 pounds, mines were planted in the "Race" at a depth of 125, then 200 and finally 300 feet. The complete submarine equipment for the "Race" is now being prepared and will be in place soon.

General Murray recommends in his report, the permanent assignment of one submarine as a part of the essential defense of each of the following points: Admiralty Inlet, Washington; San Francisco, the entrance to the Chesapeake Bay, and the entrance to Long Island Sound from the east. These would be used as an adjunct to the harbor defenses already there.

He asks for a reorganization of the coast artillery, so as to make it independent of other arms of the service.

The Reason Why.

Life.

The two men talked for a time in the train. "Are you going to hear Barkins lecture tonight?" said one.

"Yes," returned the other.

"Take my advice and don't. I hear he is an awful bore."

"I must go," said the other. "I'm Barkins."

TORE HIS SKIN OFF

In Shreds—Itching Was Intense—Sleep Was Often Impossible.

CURED BY CUTICURA IN 3 WEEKS

"At first an eruption of small pustules commenced on my hands. These spread later to other parts of my body, and the itching at times was intense, so much so that I literally tore the skin off in shreds in seeking relief. The awful itching interfered with my work considerably, and also kept me awake nights. I tried several doctors and used a number of different ointments and lotions, but received practically no benefit. Finally I settled down to the use of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, with the result that in a few days all itching had ceased and in about three weeks' time all traces of my eruption had disappeared. I have had no trouble of this kind since. H. A. Krutskoff, 5714 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., November 18 and 28, 1907."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

CHANGE PARTY'S FAITH

Secretary of the Treasury Says Republicans Seek Lower Tariff.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 9.—That the Republican party has changed front and is now marching toward lower tariffs, in which movement the Payne tariff bill is but an incident, was the interesting statement made by Secretary of the Treasury Franklin MacVeagh at the annual banquet of the Massachusetts Bankers' association last night.

Three hundred persons attended the banquet. Among the other speakers were George E. Roberts, president of the Commercial National bank, Chicago, and Governor Eben S. Draper.

Opening his address with a brief reference to the currency situation, Secretary MacVeagh made a plea that the banking interests realize the great gravity of the issue, and declared that unless the bankers succeeded in adopting the public point of view instead of the private point of vision, they would lost an opportunity to influence greatly the coming legislation on the subject. That was all the secretary had to say on currency and he passed to a discussion of the tariff and the Payne law. He said, in part:

Advocated by McKinley.

"In considering the results of the recent tariff legislation, it is indispensable, in my judgment, to keep two important factors in mind. The first is that the Payne law is but an incident in a tariff revision movement by and within the Republican party, sanctioned and undertaken by the party itself and advocated by President Taft, in office and out of office, and by President McKinley with almost his last words. "The second is that it is the resultant effect on the movement which it is important to take into account and estimate, and not, essentially, anything else. No one expected this great movement to complete itself in a single act of legislation, and it was expected to be quite clear that the legislation enacted last August did not end the movement for tariff revision.

"The friends of tariff revision never expected that the law of 1909 would or could or should complete the movement. The hope and expectation is entertained that the Payne bill ends the actual legislation for the present, and it is not considered advisable immediately to turn in again and disturb business conditions. And it does not seem necessary or advisable to make all tariff legislation a review of the entire law. So that while we should have a rest it is not necessary that we should go into a long sleep, and the evidence shown here in Massachusetts and elsewhere is to the effect that we shall not be permitted to become very fast asleep, if at all.

Need More Light.

"An excellent reason for a reasonable postponement of attempts at further legislation is that it is universally believed that we ought to do no more legislation on the tariff until we know better how to legislate on it. The opinion is practically universal that we have seen the last of the log-rolling system of legislation upon such an important subject and that hereafter such legislation must be based on facts and knowledge, and scientific investigation and not on mere bartering between sections and different interests.

"There is one great fact that makes a new tariff epoch. That fact is that the Republican party has changed its front. Whereas it has been marching towards higher and higher tariff and it has now faced about and is marching, no matter how slow anyone may think its present pace is, toward lower tariffs. It has recognized changed conditions. This is a wonderful, radical and fundamental change, the importance of which has not been sufficiently recognized.

"It is true that the Payne bill does not contain as much downward revision as the great majority of members of the Republican party had wished. It is perfectly well known that it did not contain so much of that revision as the President wished. But the Payne bill, as it passed the house, was an intentional and avowed revision downward, and though it was modified before it was finally enacted, it would be impossible to deny successfully that as it stands it is a practical confirmation of the new policy of the Republican party.

Should Go Carefully.

"Personally, I sympathize with the new tariff policy of the Republican party, but I most heartily believe that notwithstanding the well acknowledged limitations of the revision contained in the Payne bill, it ought not to be accepted by the friends of tariff revision as a satisfactory achievement under all the circumstances. I believe that we ought not to have expected anything else but a step forward. The step forward has been taken, and later, if we choose, when the time is ripe, and we have better information, but within a period far short of the lapses and intervals of time heretofore dividing tariff revisions, we may go forward along the same conservative lines.

"I say the conservative lines, for it is of the greatest consequence that while time should not be needlessly long, the revision of the tariff should be conservative and be dealt with conservatively and not radically, nor with blood in the eye, not with hatred and malice and all uncharitableness."

Secretary MacVeagh closed his address with a defense of the tariff board, which he said was an important result of the Republican tariff legislation on which the country is to be congratulated. He predicted that the tariff board would prove itself competent to cope with any situation which would be proper for a tariff commission. He declared he believed it a great mistake to minimize that part of the recent tariff legislation.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

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All Who Would Enjoy

good health, with its blessings, must understand, quite clearly, that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to living aright. Then the use of medicines may be dispensed with to advantage, but under ordinary conditions in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time and the California Fig Syrup Co. holds that it is alike important to present the subject truthfully and to supply the one perfect laxative to those desiring it.

Consequently, the Company's Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna gives general satisfaction. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

BODIES OF NINE ADRIFT

State Steamer Perry Finds Part of Crew of Lost Lake Ferry.

Erie, Pa., Dec. 13.—After scouring Lake Erie for 48 hours in search of trace of the lost car ferry Bessemer and Marquette No. 2, or its crew, the state fisheries commission boat Commodore Perry, as it was about to give up its quest Sunday noon, found a half sunken yawl boat, 15 miles from this port, in which were riding the frozen bodies of nine of the crew of 38 of the big, ill-fated ferry boat.

Bits of wreckage, shatters of wood, had been picked up during the 48 hours the Perry steamed over the lake, but nothing distinctly of the missing ship, nothing to prove finally that she had been lost. Then at 11 o'clock Sunday the lookout sighted a dark blotch against the dreary gray of the lake and sky. Other eyes made out the blotch to be a yawlboat, riding low the waters, and the Perry steamed down upon the discovery.

Still a good distance away, the glass of Capt. Jerry Driscoll discovered the forms of several men sitting in the bottom of the little boat. By appearance they were alive, but they sat very still, with their heads hanging down and their eyes closed. "They're exhausted," said Cept. Driscoll.

As the Perry drew within hailing distance the crew shouted to the men in the boat, but received no answer. The boat rode as evenly as before over the low waves, the heads of its silent crew did not move, and no answer came. "They're dead," said Capt. Driscoll.

Wore Life Preservers.

The Perry drew alongside the yawl and the captain's belief was proved true. The faces were not pale; they seemed to glow with almost unusual health, but the bodies, faces and all, were frozen stiff and solid in death. One man wore an overcoat, the rest were dressed only in overalls and jumpers, indicating that they had had to flee the big ferry for their lives, only to lose them by their haste. Each wore a life preserver.

Some of the men sat in the boat with their arms stretched down over their knees and their heads hanging low. Others lay with their hands under their heads, their arms akimbo, as one lies on the ground in the woods and looks at the sky. All of them seemed asleep, not dead.

They had fought as long as they could, and had rowed desperately, and had cried out, hoping to attract attention in some way, and had looked and looked for a ship. Then the terrible cold had overcome them, chilling them to a stupor, so that they became sleepy and lay down to nap for a few minutes, so they thought, to nap until help came.

Crazed By Cold, Leaps Into Lake.

At first there had been 10 in the boat, but one had become mad at the horror of it, and snatched off his clothes, and bared his shivering body to the killing gale, and then leaped into the black water. His clothes were found where he left them, wet through and frozen fast to one end of the boat. The yawl itself stood half full of water and ice.

The crew of the Perry made fast a line to the bow of the boat and started to steam for this port, slowly, in order that the yawl might not be upset and its ghastly load lost. It had proceeded a few miles with its journey when it encountered the tug Driscoll, also in the search.

The Driscoll took the news and steamed ahead with it, arriving here a full hour ahead of the Perry. By the time the Perry steamed slowly into port a crowd of 5,000 had gathered on the docks. Word had been sent to Conneaut and 50 relatives and friends of the missing crew had started to Erie on a fast train.

Fifty men volunteered their services and the yawl was hoisted, with block and tackle, to the dock, the bodies taken out and placed in six waiting dead wagons and conveyed to the morgue.

Only with difficulty were the people from Conneaut able to force their way thorugh and identify their dead. Most of the bodies were shipped to Conneaut today.

A dozen fishing tugs from this port have been searching the lake for three days. The find today is the first of any consequence. The remaining 29 men probably are dead, some of them at the bottom of the lake, some of them still aboard the sunken ferry and perhaps a few of them tossing in boats of the like of this recovered.

The Perry has a record of having recovered more bodies of drowned and shipwrecked sailors this year than any other vessel entering Erie harbor. On account of heavy seas today the Perry did not start out, as expected, on a second cruise in quest of others of the ferry crew.

TIRED OF BACK SEAT

Navy Officers Want to Shove Up to the Front.

Washington, Dec. 8.—Tired of having American naval officers take a back seat at foreign funerals, weddings and other gatherings with an international tinge to them, Rear Admiral Potter, aide of personnel to the secretary of the navy, wants congress to revive the rank of vice admiral.

"In foreign navies there are three distinct grades which are above the rank of rear admiral," agues Admiral Potter, "and it invariably happens that in all international assemblages of men of war, the officer in command of the United States fleet is outranked by a foreigner."

In his annual report as chief of the bureau of navigation, Admiral Potter said that with the increased responsibilities due to the enlarged fleet, appropriate rank should be conferred upon the commanding officer.

AFTER 17-YEAR WAIT

Prince Ferdinand Is Now to Be Made Czar of the Bulgars.

Sofia, Dec. 9.—After 17 years of waiting, Ferdinand, born prince of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, is to be crowned czar of the Bulgars. This means triumph over Turkey in particular and the Balkans in general.

The coronation was to have taken place last August, but his subjects would like him to join the Greek church, and he would like to entertain a papal envoy on the auspicious occasion. It is impossible to do both and his majesty is hesitating, so that at the time of writing it is not definitely known wheher he will be crowned according to the rites of the western or the eastern church.

Strange to say, all preparations were made for the ceremony 17 years ago. King Ferdinand always wished to be "his royal highness" rather than "his highness," and in 1892 he asked the powers signatory to the treaty of Berlin to allow a Bulgar czar in the Balkans. There was not a distinct "no," so he hastened to Munich and ordered a beautiful regalia, consisting of crown, scepter, orb and sword, to be ready at once.

The Munich jeweler, glad to get such a large order, executed it with all possible haste, and just after it was ready the powers said they would not have a czar in Bulgaria.

Suit for Payment Reveals Secret.

Prince Ferdinand wished to keep the regalia story a secret, but unfortunately he could not pay for the outfit, and the jeweler, much disappointed, brought an action against him. He even went so far as to display the whole regalia in his shop windows with a large notice to the effect that they had been made for the prince of Bulgaria. Not only all Munich but all Bavaria flocked to look and laugh at the baubles made for a prince who was forbidden by the powers to use them, and by his pocket to pay for them.

The poor man became the laughing stock of Europe and the jeweler was about to win his case when Princess Clementine, Ferdinand's mother, paid the bill and handed the regalia over to her son. The jewels were lodged with a German banker till the powers and opportunity should be more favorable to Prince Ferdinand's ambitions.

So sure was Princess Clementine that her son would one day be a king that she left a large fortune to be spent solely on the expenses of the coronation. The ceremony will therefore be a gorgeous one. The cathedral has been renovated and all the fouutains in Sofia will run wine. The coronation robes of the king and his consort are to be as magnificent as such garments can be made. Whether this display will please the economical Bulgars is another matter.

King Practices Simple Life.

Usually the king lives simply. His palace at Sofia is far smaller than most English country houses, the rooms are plainly furnished with chintz covered chairs, and the simple midday dinners are prepared by one cook. There is no luxury whatever, and everybody but the king and his secretaries is in bed at half past 10. This simplicity, of course, is echoed throughout the kingdom. There are no grand balls or dinners, and the staid Bulgars live so well within their modest means that foreign ministers always look upon Sofia as a place to save rather than spend money in.

The king is not liked by his subjects, but he is respected, his unpopularity being probably due to his German birth. But they like his German method, his punctuality, economy and discipline. Sofia, though only 20 years old, is the best built and best kept city in eastern Europe. The streets are well paved and the houses clean. It is modeled on Berlin, and the soldiers are drilled to be as much like Prussians as possible.

"One day," say the Bulgars, "we shall be the first nation in the Balkans. Our ambitions are the same. That is why we work so well together."

Turkey Objects to New Title.

Of course the coronation is part of their joint program. Ferdinand's new title even has caused a good deal of displeasure in Turkey. When he called himself "king of Bulgaria," Turkey was dissatisfied; but, as all the world knows, the matter was settled. Then it transpired that the new king was going to call himself "king of the Bulgars," and Turkey objected again because there are several millions of Bulgars under Turkish rule.

"If he calls himself king of the Bulgars," say the Turks, "he will soon be interfering with those Bulgars who are Turkish subjects."

The worst of it is that this is just what Bulgaria does. At any rate, the king made no answer to Turkish protests and seems to be determined to stick to the second title. It is an open secret that he wants to annex Roumelia and that part of the Turkish territory of which Salonica is the capital. When this is done the title "King of the Bulgars," will still hold good.

King Ferdinand has been a handsome man. His mother, who was of the royal house of Orleans, was a beautiful woman. He has grown stout, and the fact distresses him so much that he forbids his photographer to sell any late photographs of him. They say in Sofia that the photographs representing him in his coronation robes are retouched again and again. But he keeps his photographer in excellent order, like the rest of his subjects, so the photos are flattering when done.

His eldest son, Boris, was born in 1894. Leo XIII, almost excommunicated the king when, acting upon his subjects' wishes, he allowed the young prince to leave the Roman for the Greek church. The present pope, Pius X., was also surprised when, in 1908, he married as his second wife a Protestant, Princess Eleanora. His first wife, a Bourbon, was a Roman Catholic, and it was thought at the vatican that her son should remain in the Catholic faith. But King Ferdinand thought otherwise, and a short time ago the Archbishop Metropolitan of Sofia received him into the eastern church.

LABORER OWES $190,000

Foreman in Sewer Department Has No Assets.

New York, Dec. 10.—"Laborer," was the way John C. Henry described himself in a voluntary petition in bankruptcy, filed in New York today, but in contracting with this rating in life were his liabilities given at $190,887, with no assets. The principal creditor is a life insurance company to which $105,000 is due.

Henry, now a foremen in the sewer department, incurred his indebtedness by borrowing to expand a contracting business just prior to the panic of 1893.

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RAT MASSACRE STOPS PLAGUE

Health Conditions on Pacific Coast Improved.

Washington, Dec. 10.—Attention to the plague conditions on the Pacific coast is given by the surgeon general of the public health and marine hospital service in his annual report, which was made public yesterday.

No cases of human plague occurred in San Francisco in 1909, he says, and there were but four cases of rat plague. The effect of the inspections by the service in San Francisco, he continues, has been to place San Francisco in a satisfactory sanitary condition.

The service has been engaged in a war of extermination of rats and ground squirrels.

PROBE BIG WIRE MERGER

New York Legislators Take Up Inquiry Into Bell Affairs.

New York, Dec. 9.—Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telephone & Telegraph company, the Bell interests, and Robert C. Clowry, president of the Western Union Telegraph company, have been subpoenaed to appear before the legislative inquiry into the telegraph and telephone system of this state, now going on in New York.

This will be the first investigation into the recent billion dollar merger whereby the Bell interests obtained control of the Western Union by the purchase of Gould stock.

ARMY LEPER IS DEAD

Was Kept All Alone on Fort Screven Reservation.

Savannah, Ga., Dec. 13.—Death removed probably the only case of leprosy in the United States army today when First Sergeant C. O. Mix, of the Seventy-second company coast artillery, died in his lonely cottage on the Fort Screven reservation. The body will be buried with full military honors in the national cemetery, in accordance with the last request of the dead soldier.

Mix served in the Cuban campaign during the Spanish-American war, where he contracted the disease. His father died recently leaving him $40,000, but the money was of no avail to him. His pay as a soldier also had accumulated and he therefore left a small fortune.

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"DIRTY AND IMMORAL"

Steerage Is Scored by Woman Agent.

Washington, Dec. 14.—A report on steerage conditions based on information obtained by special agents of the immigration commission, traveling as steerage passengers on different transatlantic steamers, was made public yesterday through presentation to the senate with recommendations for legislation to better conditions that in many of these vessels are described as appalling.

According to the report of the commission a woman agent was miserably insulted and compelled to withstand repulsive privations, while traveling steerage. She said:

"During those twelve days in the steerage I lived in disorder and in surroundings that offended every sense. Only the fresh breeze from the sea overcame the sickening odors. The vile language of the men, the screams of the women defending themselves, the crying of children, wretched because of their surroundings, irritated beyond endurance. There was no sight before which the eye did not prefer to close.

"Worse than this was the general air of immorality. For fifteen hours each day I witnessed all around me this improper indecent and filthy mingling of men and women who were total strangers.

"The manner in which the sailors, stewards, firemen and others mingled with the women passengers was thoroughly revolting. Their language and the topics of their conversation were vile.

"No woman with the least degree of modesty and with no other conveniences than a washroom used jointly with men and a faucet of cold salt water can keep clean amidst such surroundings for a period of twelve days and more. No soap and no towels were supplied."

Senator Dillingham, who framed the immigration committee, introduced in the senate yesterday two bills intended to correct much of the evil of which complaint is made.

AERIAL CAVALRY NEXT

Major Baden-Powell Urges England to Build an Air Fleet.

London, Dec. 14.—The assertion that aeroplanes will displace horses in future warfare and form mounts for dashing squadrons of aerial cavalry, signalled an address by Major Baden-Powell, before the Royal United Service institution, in this city, while Lord Roberts uttered a stirring demand that England wake up and prepare for the utilization of aerial craft and prosecute systematically the development of the airship and aeroplane. A large audience of military and naval men and aeronautical experts signified their enthusiastic assent.

"We have been contented to wait and benefit by the experience of others," said Lord Roberts. "We cannot afford to be behind-hand. We must make our machines, have trials and have a staff of men trained and ready to adapt themselves to aerial machines.

"I am anxious that the country wake up to the necessity of doing its utmost to perfect these craft. We still are strangely apathetic. The future dirigibles and aeroplanes will be as far ahead of those of today as the present locomotives are ahead of the first locomotive built."

Major Baden-Powell said: "There is no doubt that the machines of today, both drigibles and aeroplanes, are capable of the greatest use in case of war. Let us not forget that they could come without warning from the continent and wreak great damage. We must make prepartions to defend ourselves against such possible aggression.

He specifically pointed out that they could be utilized as follows: Reconnoisance, obtaining complete and reliable information of the enemy's position, movements of armaments and numbers; transportation of troops by the employment of thousands of aeroplanes capable of carrying three or four men each; discharge explosives with much damage by hovering over the enemy's country and dropping bombs on powder magazines, stores, bridges and railways; raids, by carrying small parties of troops for dashing forays; communications, could carry dispatches and communicate with any besieged place; in savage warfare they would have great moral effect by dropping bombs to spread panic among the ignorant enemy, as a lookout, unsurpassed as a colgn of vantage for the commander in chief during an action; advantages of the airship as compared to the marine vessel, greater speed, wider view, ability to rise to a sufficient height to avoid projectiles and to get vertically above an enemy. All evoked tremendous enthusiasm.

Major Baden-Powell has written several articles on aeronautics, including Ballooning as a Sport. He invented a manlifting kite in 1894 and made frequent ascents by kites in following years. He refounded the Aeronautic society and acted as its honorable secretary for some years, after which he was elected president. He joined the Scots Guards in 1882 and has seen much actual service. He served with his regiment and on staff throughout the South African war.

FAVOR FUND PUBLICITY

Congressmen of 14 States Endorse Plan.

Washington, Dec. 14.—Fourteen great states, comprising the middle western section of the country, want legislation requiring publicity of political contributions made in connection with the congressional campaigns.

Moreover, they want legislation enacted during the present session of congress for application to the approaching congressional elections.

A poll of representatives of 14 of the central states of the union shows the delegations of following states to be unanimously in favor of the immediate enactment of the recommendation of President Taft:

Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota and Wisconsin.

Delegations of the following states are in favor of legislation with exception of the men named, who declined to express themselves one way or the other:

Illinois—Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, Representative James R. Mann, Representative Frank O. Lowden, Representative Howard N. Sapp, Representative William A. Bodenberg.

Michigan — Representative Joseph W. Fordney, Representative Francis H. Dodds, Representative H. Olin Young, Representative Washington Gardner, Senator Julius C. Burrows.

Missouri — Representative Charles A. Crow.

Ohio—Representative James Joyce.

Thus out of a total of 26 senators 25 are publicly in favor of the proposed legislation. Of 136 congressmen, representing the states polled, only 11 refuse to commit themselves.

When the question was put to Representative Joyce, he replied: "I don't know. I would have to see the bill."

OKLAHOMA IS SELLING LAND

More Than Half Million Acres to Go to Highest Bidders.

Chandler, Okla., Dec. 14.—Oklahoma has notified the farmers on her Indian indemnity lands to move. More than half a million acres of choice, improved quarter section farms located thereon is being sold at public auction. Successful bidders can buy at their own price and have 40 years, if they want it, to pay for their purchase. Judging from the showing being made at the first sale, which opened here December 1, most of them want it. Although only 361 farms, a small section of this enormous tract, are being disposed of at this sale, it conclusively proved the unique selling method a big success.

Other sales will now follow in rapid succession at Shawnee, Oklahoma City and Chickasha. Business men of those towns have made agreements among themselves which absolutely protect visitors from exorbitant rates for food and lodging, and ample accommodations are assured.

For many seasons past these farms have been leased by the state to capable farmers, who, not content with raising heavy, dollar-bearing crops from the deep, rich soil, have built and improved the farms just as though they were permanently settled there. Of course the successful bidder will have to pay the appraised cost of improvements on the farm of his choice.

Not only are many of these farms located in the prize-winning farming section of fertile Oklahoma, but free rural mail delivery systems, churches and schoolhouses are here in numbers that rival the more thickly populated sections of older states.

The Rock Island railway is not only lifting a big portion of the work of answering questions from the shoulders of state officials, but is making attractive rates to homeseekers.

An open-air theatre in a natural hollow amid the trees adjoining his home in the Claremont section of Berkeley, Cal., is being built by Charles Keeler, the poet. The new theatre will have a flat piece of stone of large size as a stage, and will have a seating capacity of about 500.

MAKE SAWDUST FLOUR FROM WASTE OF LUMBER MILLS

Flour from sawdust is another step in the movement for the conservation of forest resources. The United States consul at Christiania, Norway, has sent to this government a suggestion along this line which may be of value to American lumbermen who are wrestling with the problem of sawdust waste.

The flour in question is not the kind which goes into the making of light, fluffy biscuits, and the other kind which are not light, or flaky pastry, but it is an ingredient of dynamite, linoleum, xyolite, which for the information of the man on the street is a kind of artificial flooring, and other things. It is not put forward as a new discovery, for it has been in use for several years in Europe, and to a small extent in this country.

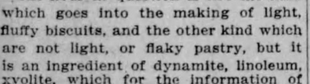
The wood flour is ground in a cheap mill, very similar to those which grind corn and rye. Pine and spruce sawdust is used in Europe, and after passing through the stones and the belting chest, it is sacked or baled for shipment. It is then worth twelve to thirteen dollars a ton.

The flour has a number of uses, one of which is in the making of dynamite. It is the absorbent for the nitroglycerine, which is the explosive ingredient. Wood flour dynamite is inferior to that made with infusorial earth as the absorbent; but it serves many purposes, and is cheaper. But dynamite is one of the smallest prospective uses for the product. Linoleum makers mix it with linseed oil and give body to their floor coverings. It is not considered quite equal to ground cork for this purpose, as it is less elastic; but it is cheaper and meets requirements for medium grades.

The flour fills an important place in the manufacture of xyolite, a kind of artificial flooring, resembling wood in weight, and stone in other respects. It is used for kitchen floors, and in halls, corridors, cafes, restaurants, and public rooms. It is impervious to water, and is practically fireproof. It is floor material in some of the German war vessels. It is so used because it is not liable to take fire or splinter if struck by shell.

Many additional uses for food flour will probably be found. The amount of sawdust to be had in this country is practically unlimited, and millmen will welcome any plan that will essen the waste at the sawdust dump. Norway exports thousands of tons of this sawdust flour yearly, and the United States take some of it. Germany is a large manufacturer also, and has been for years. England is an extensive buyer, and much goes to France.

2 PAIR SPECTACLES 90c



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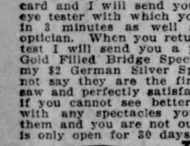

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RUSSIA HAS TROUBLE WITH GOVERNMENT-OWNED ROADS

St. Petersburg, Dec. 3.—Problems of distribution arising from this year's good harvest are now the main topic of public discussion in Russia. Russians have a saying that their only good finance minister is Mr. Harvest. He is with them now, but they complain that half his usefulness is still to seek. The production this year satisfies them; it is on the means of distribution—railroads, canals, harbors, the organization of commercial credit—that they can see themselves failing to rise to the occasion.

Since early summer the minister of the national railroads, M. Roukhloff, has been hustling to an extent rare among Russians to be ready to deliver the country's grain promptly to the market. He penalized local traffic managers who did not have the locomotives, rolling stock, fuel and special sidings ready by the first week of August. Then he gave their staffs extra pay for the speedy making up of trains.

The estimated requirements for moving the crops were placed at 6,000 railroad wagons daily in August, September and October. The period began with a supply of 4,600 cars, and by October 1 there was a daily supply of 5,620 wagons. Still the traffic was lamentably slow.

Trades saw in it an argument against state ownership of means of transportation and in favor of independent railroad competition. As that is not feasible, some them are calling for the leasing out of at least the southern railroads to concessionaires, whose profits would come from moving the crops quickly. As things are now, nothing very serious happens to the railroad department, which has the national treasury at its back. Its staff may be appealed to for the country's sake to perform wonders, but esprit de corps is a poor substitute for the incentive of profit.

M. Roukhloff has now called in the co-operation of outside interests. He is presiding over a conference called to prevent a sudden and heavy fall of prices owing to the defective distribution. Russia's present capacity for feeding her own people and selling to the foreign market was explained to the conference by M. Karyakin, president of the Duma's committee on the national food supply. The bad harvests of the last three years have kept prices high in Russia, and a substantial reduction is unavoidable. What the conference has to cope with is the need of farmers for money, together with the unorganized state of the grain market. These two conditions, with the slowness in delivery, increase the danger of a sudden slump.

M. Karyakin proposes that the government buyers, co-operating with the produce exchange committees, should keep abreast of current prices on the foreign markets and make their purchases of grain accordingly. The feeding of the army, of the few provinces in the north, where even this year there is a shortage, and supplies for the imperial appanages, the employes on crown lands and establishments, constitute the principal demands that the state purchasers have to meet. When export prices are sufficiently higher than the cost of production here the state buyers should, he says, sell part of their holdings. The buying of grain by the government would be conducted through the intermediary of the state bank in the manner observed on the prduce exchanges.

This precedent for the government in taking its business guidance from outside its own ranks has had an important sequel. The railroad minister has secured the report of a commission on the congestion of traffic which places the blame chiefly on the blockings at the port terminals, especially on the Black Sea. For this the department of commerce, which has trade harbors under its control, is blamed.

Its chief, M. Timiriaseff, does not admit the charge; but a mixed commission of ministers and business men under the presidency of the prime minister, M. Stolpin, has undertaken to unify the organizations of the railroad and commercial departments. Following on this development an elected member of the council of empire, M. Krestovmikoff, head of the leading soap and tallow manufacturing firm in Moscow, has been asked to take the post of minister of commerce. If the action of the transportation commission satisfies him he will take over the department. He will be the first member of the cabinet who is a man of independent business position and not a product of the permanent civil service.

This enforced action for improving the railroad service and extending the port facilities for handling the harvest traffic attracts the notice of the business community occupied in distributing manufactured goods. The great advances made by the Germans in this trade are set forth in a report of the British consul at Moscow. In the last 16 years Germany has trebled its exports to Russia, while English exports have remained at about the same figure.

British sales to Russia amount now to $60,000,000, German sales to $165,000,000. In 16 years Russia's sales to England have risen from $80,000,000 to $115,000,000 and those to Germany from $70,000,000 to $145,000,000. Improved transportation should still further increase Germany's lead as the geographical neighbor. The better distribution of Russian harvests quickens this trade by advancing the pace at which the country is emerging from the stage of simple elementary requirements to a modern life of varied interchange and higher grade goods.

Meanwhile the claims of the railroad department of the imperial treasury become more insistent. It asked an additional credit of $47,000,000 this year to improve its harvest service and got $19,000,000. The money did little more than smarten the appearance of things without getting any kind of a grip on the problem at all.

Like the military system, which produced an army that would have been admirable if only it had never had to go to war, the state railroad service would have worked quite neatly this year if only its back had not been so bent by heavy traffic. It just manages to stagger along. The problem is seen to be as big as anything that Russia has got economically before her. The absence of all party politics in it is a factor in favor of its being grappled with in earnest.

VETERAN HUNTERS AMAZED AT COL. ROOSEVELT'S NERVE

New York, Dec. 14.—At some first-hand news of the exploits of Bwana Tumbo in the wilds of East Africa!

Frederick C. Selous, the famous big-game shooter, explorer and ivory hunter, who furnished H. Rider Haggard with the material for the character of Allan Quatermain, passed through New York on his way to California, and told an Evening Journal reporter of his meeting and long talk with Colonel Roosevelt in Nairobi last July.

Mr. Selous—you pronounce it Seloo, he says, even if the English do call Beauchamp "Beecham"—says that Colonel Roosevelt was never in better health, has lost about fifteen or twenty pounds, looks like a vigorous, thick-chested athlete of middle age, and has established a reputation as a skilful and courageous hunter throughout British East Africa.

It was the stirring tales of big game shooting in the African jungles, when he was a guest at the White House seven years ago, that first gave Mr. Roosevelt his dreams of rhinoceros heads and lion skins.

"You know, I gave Mr. Roosevelt some help in fitting out his expedition, and that gave rise to a report that I was to be a member of it," said Mr. Selous. "All I did was to buy a few things that he needed in London and arrange my last little trip so as to meet him at Naples."

Looks Ten Years Older.

"This last little trip" was a hunting expedition of several months into the interior, but when a man is fifty-eight years old and has spent forty years of it in the African scrub and jungle he makes light of a little thing like that. Mr. Selous looks ten years older. His hair and square beard are white and the dull brick color and lines of his face tell their own story of privation and exposure.

"I accompanied him on a 300-mile trip inland from Mombassa to Nairobi and helped to see that his expedition was organized in first class shape before I left on my own trip into the interior.

"It so happened that we both got back to Nairobi about the same time in July. He had come in to refit for another journey into the brush, and I was heading back for the seacoast with my trophies. He had been in the Sotik country, and I had made my headquarters at McMillan's Ranch on the Gwasn-Gishi plateau. The first thing he said after we had shaken hands was:

"I tell you, Selous, it's bully!"

"He was like a boy out of school. His double chin had receded and his waist measure had lost more inches than I could guess. I should say he had taken off fifteen or twenty pounds and he looked strong enough to hug a python to death.

"He had had a very successful trip, and the taxidermists connected with his expedition showed me some very fine specimens of all sorts of animals. But that isn't the best part of it. Mr. Roosevelt told me in a careless sort of a way some of the incidents of the hunt, and I went around and made inquiries among the other members of his expedition and among the other hunters in Nairobi.

Often Faced Death.

"Well, you can believe that what they told me surprised me. Several veteran hunters told me that it was almost impossible to believe that 'the Colonel' had never shot African big game before. They said that nothing could shake his nerve, that he was a quick thinker and a quick mover and a dandy shot.

"Here is one little story. The finest lion they got gave them a long chase. You see, we hunt lions on horseback. Mr. Roosevelt was in the lead and getting close up for a shot when the lion suddenly turned and charged the horse. The horse naturally shied, but even at that disadvantage the Colonel stopped his charge with the first shot—right through the chest.

"Another time they were going through the scrub on foot when they came across a big python. A python will hide or run from a man as quickly as any other big animal, but Colonel Roosevelt only wounded this one and it turned on him. It was about ten feet from the end of his rifle when he got ready for the second shot and he broke its spine just below the head. If he had missed it would certainly have hurt him.

"That is the real test of a big game hunter—standing in front of a charging animal that could kill a dozen men if it got close enough, and coolly pumping shot into it until it drops.

"There isn't any occasion for any alarm about Mr. Roosevelt's health either now or later. The country that he was shooting in when I was there can be truly described as healthy country. There are hundreds of English residents there, who raise rosy-cheeked children. You see," he explained, "although it is under the equator, it is so high that the nights are always cool. Why, it is 6,000 feet above sea level there.

"Mr. Roosevelt, when I left him, was planning to shoot down through the Uganda country, and, of course, it is a different proposition down at that level in the warm, damp jungles. But a man just going through there, especially a man that is in as good condition as he is, would be in very little danger from fever. The main thing is to keep as dry as possible and not sleep in the open. No man can live there without being troubled with fever."

Africa a Fine Place.

Mr. Selous was asked to tell about some of his own experiences.

"Not now," he laughed. "I have to catch a train for California in about fifteen minutes, and I am afraid to get started talking about Africa. I tell you, it's a great country! I don't see why more of you young Americans don't go out there and settle. There is every chance in the world for a white man of our race there now.

"Am I going back? Well, you don't know how much I'd like to, even if I am getting to be an old man. But I could never get Mrs. Selous to live there again.

"No, I've got a nice little place in England and by taking a trip of this sort once a year I mean to keep the 'waderlust' in control," he finished with a laugh and hurried out to catch his train.

KEIRAN'S CASE POSTPONED

Pittsburg, Dec. 14.—P. J. Keiran, former president of the Fidelity Funding company of New York city, was to have been tried in criminal court yesterday on two charges of embezzlement and two charges of larceny, but the cases were indefinitely postponed, and his bail in the sum of $4,000 was renewed.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3088 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

CAPITAL IN WRATH

Managua Mob Cries "Long Live Liberty and the United States."

BULLETIN.

Washington, Dec. 4.—All the marines to sail on the Prairie for Panama or Nicaragua have received orders to be aboard by 4 o'clock this afternoon. The Prairie will sail probably shortly after that hour although her departure may be delayed until tomorrow, it is said at the navy department.

Managua, Dec. 14. — Rebellion has broken out at the capital. The streets are filled with unrestrained demonstrators. The air is filled with shouts of "Long live liberty, the United States, and Estrada."

This forenoon comparative quiet was restored, but the significance of the events of the last few hours admit of but one interpretation. The anti-Zelaya feeling is so strong that the government does not dare to attempt its suppression.

The climax was reached last night when the government attempted to put through congress a bill conceding to certain exploiters mining rights covering vast undefined areas irrespective of the private ownership of the surface of the prpoerties. Congressman Enrique Corda opposed the measure in a speech that aroused the wildest enthusiasm. The government, seeing that the motion was in danger of being lost, precipitately adjourned the session.

It was too late, however, to head off the burst of indignation that had swept over the legislative body, supposed to have been friendly to Zelaya. The announcement of the adjournment was greeted, and when Corda left the building he was given an ovation. From the meeting place the congressman who had dared to publicly voice the first protest against the government in public was followed to his hotel by a mob which alternately cheered Corda and cried "long live liberty!" "Down with oppression."

Responding to insistent calls, Corda made a speech which was a bitter attack upon Zelaya. The speaker said that he had intended to interpellate the government on the subject of its preparations for war in the face of its protestations of peaceful intentions, but he had desisted on the assurance that a formal declaration by President Zelaya resigning from the presidency would be published in the morning.

While these speeches were being made the police did not show any interference. Later Dr. Madriz arrived in the city and his advent was the signal for a demonstration that made the earlier outbreak appear temperate in comparison. The crowd had become emboldened because of the non-interference of the police, and violent denunciations of the present regime were voiced apparently without thought of a possible consequence.

Following the demonstrations at Corda's hotel the crowd moved to the home of Henry Caldera, the United States vice consul. Here they cried: "Live Estrada!" "Live the revolution!" "Live the United States!"

Still the police did not interfere, and the tramping and shouting went on until the manifestants had tired themselves out.

THREE TOWNS TAKEN BY INSURGENT ARMY

Bluefields, Dec. 14.—An official telegram received at the insurgent headquarters here announces that General Morales, at the head of a band of insurgents, has captured Tortuga, Orisi and Supoa, three small towns on the Costa Rican frontier. Morales proclaimed Estrada president of Nicaragua, and continued his march to attack the important town of Rivas.

General Estrada and his followers have taken courage at the prospects of assistance from the United States in their efforts to overthrow the government of Nicaragua.

The United States cruisers Des Moines and Tacoma and the collier Leonadis, with their crews on board, are still lying outside the harbor. A cablegram reports that 700 additional marines from the United States have started for Colon, and this is interpreted as assurance that marines will be sent here to reinforce the blue jackets now in the harbor. United States Consul Moffat is making tentative arrangements for shore quarters for the American fighting men. The consul is in hourly communication with Commander Shipley, of the Des Moines and Comamnder Niblack, of the Tacoma, and also is exchanging long cablegrams with Washington. The presence of the Americans here afford the people of the city a sense of great security. It is noted with satisfaction that since the arrival of the Des Moines, General Vasquez, of the government forces near Rama, has redoubled his efforts to secure a compromise with Estrada.

General Estrada now has 2,400 men and looks forward to an early engagement that will result in a decisive victory for the insurgents. He announces that his first step preliminary to joining Morales and other of his leaders in the combined attack upon Managua will be the surrounding of Vasquez, which movement he thinks is partially accomplished now. General Vasquez has reconcentrated his troops in the hills overlooking the Mico river, a few miles from Rama. Vasquez's right is threatened by General Luis Mena, who has taken up a position nine miles south on the Rama river. On the other flank of the government army is General Fornos Diaz, whose troops occupy a streng position on the Sigula river. As the Mico river flows between the Rama and the Siguia rivers Vasquez is hemmed in on either side.

Estrada plans simultaneous movements by Diaz and Mena, cutting off the retreat of the enemy to the north or south, while General Chamorro delivers a front attack from the east. The plan is complete and the inauguration of the campaign awaits only the arrival of artillery and additonal ammunition, which are expected daily by steamer.

General Vasquez apparently recognizes the advantage of the insurgents, as he continues to send messengers to the rebel camps seeking a compromise. These messengers invariably are turned back with the statement that General Chamorro will consider nothing save unconditional surrender.

FEAR LASTING RESULTS TO FOLLOW INVASION

New Orleans, Dec. 14.—Special mail advices from Port Limon, Costa Rica, state that reports have reached there that Dr. Madriz, Nicaraguan member of the court of Cartage, has made a vigorous appeal to Zelaya to lay down the presidency. It is stated that Dr. Madriz urged Zelaya to do this "not only for the integrity of Nicaragua, but that of all Central America."

The advices say that the action of Dr. Madriz is construed to prove that the court of Cartage has inside information in regard to the attitude which the United States government will assume toward Nicaragua, and which, according to the opinion of some Central American statemen, will place the integrity of the whole of Central America in danger.

An anti-American meeting was held in San Jose, Costa Rica, several days ago to protest against the landing of troops in Nicaragua by the United States, it is reported.

La Informacion, a newspaper published at San Jose, declares: "We have wished Zelaya would fail, but not by the blow of a foreign invader. Latin-America, as a whole, ought to protest against this outrage."

It is reported in Port Limon that a recent visit of the private secretary of Zelaya to San Jose was for the purpose of getting permission of the Costa Rican government for him to pass through the country if it became necessary for him to leave Nicaragua.

WALL STREET PLEASED

Taft's Message Didn't Cause the Least Flurry.

New York, Dec. 13.—(Wall Street.)—Neither the president's message nor the opening of congress created any disturbance in the security markets, says Henry Clews' weekly financial reviews. On the contrary President Taft's views were in many respects received with special satisfaction. The emphasis which he placed upon the necessity of public economy, moderation in regard to the use of the maximum tariff and his rational attitude regarding railroad and corporation problems show his determination to carry out necessary reform movements with at little disturbance to business as possible. This is naturally reassuring. Congress as yet shows no signs of breaking out with antagonistic legislation, although it is quite apparent that the radicals were disappointed at the conservative tenor of President Taft's message. Politically speaking, the situation is hopeful, for while it is evident that large corporations must prepare themselves for more or less government regulation, and enforcement of the Sherman Anti-Trust law in its present drastic form may cause some disquiet, still the outlook in these directions is less threatening than during the sometimes unwisely aggressive policy of the previous administration.

As the year draws to a close the stock market finds itself in a more hopeful condition. It is undeniable that a striking optimistic spirit prevails, based upon exceptional business activity in the United States and aided decided improvement of industrial and political affairs abroad. The favorable conditions are many, the chief drawback being that the business of the country and values generally are already upon such a high level as to prevent the return of complete confidence. It is quite evident that the country is passing through a period of inflation, the cause of which cannot here be discussed, but which are a very positive element in the situation. The most satisfactory feature is that values are not upon a stable basis, having fully discounted all favorable conditions. Investors are consequently shy and discriminating. The better class of railroad securities are already upon a prohibitive level, and made more so by the firm now demanded for money.

Our railroad situation is not without serious embarrassments. Traffic and earnings show corresponding improvement, but expenses have grown seriously, and net results are very often unequal to those of two years ago. That the companies should have to face a demand for higher wages at this time is unfortunate, for they have scarcely more than recovered from the effects of the panic. Wages were not reduced in that period and labor suffered little from that disaster. It is true that the cost of living has risen. So too have wages; and many of the railroads, if obliged to concede to latest demands, will have no other alternative than advancing the rates and compelling shippers to pay the bills. The latter will as usual pass on the increase in expenses to the consumer. Meanwhile such of these railroad stocks and bonds have been comparatively neglected by both investors and speculators, and the large owners of these properties are still finding it difficult to distribute their surplus holdings. Attention is consequently being turned to the better class of industrials, especially preferred issues which have not been advanced to such an extent as railroad issues and which are benefiting by trade activity quite as much as the railroads. Hitherto this section of the market has generally been upon a lower plane than the railroads; but as many of the concerns become seasoned and prove their steady earning capacity the effect is to raise the standing of such issues, especially while the railroad section stands so much in danger of reaction.

STEALS FROM CADET

Army Officer Is Sentenced to Prison.

New York, Dec. 14.—Captain Thomas Franklin, U. S. A., twice commended by General Chaffee and General Otis for distinguished service in China and at Manila, pleaded guilty yesterday to a long series of petty embezzlements from the mess fund of the West Point cadets as commissary and treasurer of the United States Military Academy, and was sentenced by Judge Hand, in the United States circuit court, to two years and six months in the federal prison at Atlanta, Ga. His counsel gave notice that he would apply for a writ of error.

Captain T. S. Ansell urged for the prisoner that his client had risen from the ranks by his merit, and that his irregularities were chargeable to his effort to raise a large family on an officer's pay.

The sentence, besides the penalty it sets, automatically cashiers Captain Franklin from the army and deprives his family of any prospects of a retirement pension.

As commissary and treasurer, Captain Franklin had charge of the pay checks of the cadets, which he deposited in the United States sub-treasury in this city and drew against for mess supplies. The total amount of his defalcations ran to $5,650, of which $4,831 was represented by false vouchers, presented for approval to the superintendent of the United States Military Academy.

The statute of limitations in the court-martial bars offenses committed only two years back, as against three years in the federal courts, and for this reason, Judge Hand tried the case instead of an army court.

TOTAL COTTON PRODUCTION

Amounts to 10,000,000 Bales of 500 Pounds.

The crop reporting board of the bureau of statistics of the United States department of agriculture estimates, from the reports of the correspondents and agents of the bureau, that the total production of cotton in the United States for the season of 1909-10 will amount to 4,826,344 pounds, (not including linters), equivalent to 10,088,000 bales of 500 pounds gross weight.

The estimated production, in 500-pound gross weight bales, by states, is as follows:

Virginia	10,000
North Carolina	615,000
South Carolina	615,000
Georgia	1,800,000
Florida	57,000
Alabama	1,020,000
Mississippi	1,020,000
Louisiana	280,000
Texas	2,570,000
Arkansas	715,000
Tennessee	240,000
Missouri	49,000
Oklahoma	617,000
United States	10,088,000

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, Dec. 6.—Senate.—The senate convened at 12 o'clock. A committee was named to inform the president it was in session. Senator Bailey's effort to have the daily sessions begin at 2 o'clock instead of 12 was defeated. Adjourned out of respect to dead members, until 12 o'clock tomorrow.

House—The house convened at 12 o'clock and named a committee to wait upon the president. Sulzer introduced a resolution directing the forcible pacification of Nicaragua and punishment of Zelaya. Mann introduced tariff resolutions and white slavery and Panama reorganiaztion bills, and Hitchcock a postal savings bill. Adjourned until 12 tomorrow, out of respect to dead members.

Tuesday, Dec. 7.—Senate—The senate met promptly at 12 o'clock with a full attendance of senators on the floor. The president's message was brought in shortly after the call to order and the reading began. The senators manifested deep interest in the document, some following the reading and others turning over the printed pages to find subjects in which they were specially interested. Following the custom the message was referred to the committee of the whole. The senate then held an executive session until 2:30 o'clock, adjourning to meet Friday.

House—The house assembled at 12, and a few minutes after when the president's message was brought in there was a scramble to get copies. The actual reading of the document consumed a little more than an hour and a half. The message was referred to the committee of the whole and the house adjourned until Friday.

Friday, Dec. 10.—Senate—More than 350 bills and resolutions were introduced. A resolution presented by Senator Rayner authorizes President Taft to cause President Zelaya of Nicaragua to be apprehended as a common criminal for murdering two Americans. Adjourned until Monday.

House—Many bills were introduced, including one by Mr. Lundin, of Illinois, for a $2,000,000 postoffice on the West Side in Chicago; one by Mr. Sabath, of Illinois, providing a jury trial for persons accused of contempt of court, and a resolution by Mr. Sabath providing for an investigation of sugar frauds. Mr. Moxley, of Illinois, was seated. Mr. Kustermann, of Wisconsin, denied his interest in German shipping made him antagonize American ship subsidies. Adjourned until Monday.

THE MARKETS

Toledo Grain Market.

Toledo, O., Dec. 14.—Buffeted about by conflicting influences, wheat opened sensationally wild, with wide and rapid fluctuations characterizing the market at the outset. A continuation of yesterday's bullish conditions shot up prices up at the very start, but soon profit taking and the fact that cables did not respond to yesterday's American advance as expected turned the trend of values downward. Toledo cash and December were ⅜c higher at $1.25⅝ when the market opened. May was 1c higher at $1.29 and July opened 1½c up at $1.05½. Cash and the current month sank to $1.04½, May to $1.28 and the remote future to $1.05. Opinions of local grain men are conflicting, but the general impression is strong that the advance is due to speculation more than any other cause. Toledo millers say they are not at all pressed for wheat, and in addition report flour demand dull. While a general snowfall is now heavy enough to fully protect wheat, weather conditions are such that no alarm is felt.

Among the influences contributing to the decline in the northwest and a continuation of factors having a bearish effect in the morning. Southwest arrivals were liberal. Toledo cash and December opened 1c off at $1.24, May 1 lower and July unchanged at $1.04. Liverpool closed ¼d higher to ¼d lower.

General selling for profits weakened corn. Furthermore, the market did not score advances at the outset but little. Toledo December opened unchanged at 65½c, dropping to 65c at 10 a. m. May lost ½c at the outset, and a similar amount later in the morning when the price declined to 67c. July opened ¼c down at 67¼c, dropping to 66¼c at 10 a. m.

Closing corn prices: Cash and December 64c, May at 67c, July at 66¾c. Prices were about 1c off all around.

A strong cash situation and comparatively light receipts made oats comparatively firm, though prices were from ⅛c to ¼c lower on the call. December opened at 46c, May at 47¼c and July at 45⅝c.

Oats closed as follows: Cash and December at 45¾c, May at 47⅛c and July at 45¼c.

Following yesterday's bulge in clover seed came another upswing on the call. Prices were 5c up all around, cash and December opening at $9.17½, March at $9.35 and February at $9.30.

Receipts were 450 bags against 724 a year ago. Shipments were nil against 800 a year ago. Cash and December closed unchanged at $9.12½, February 2½c up at $9.27½ and March 2½c up at $9.32½. Statistical factors were responsible for the slump late in the day.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Dec14.	Dec13.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.25⅝	1.25	....	1.24	1.25
Dec	1.25⅝	1.26	....	1.24	1.25
May	1.29	....	....	1.27	1.28
July	1.05½	....	....	1.04	1.04
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	64	65½
Dec	65½	....	....	64	65½
May	67½	....	....	67	68
July	67¼	....	....	66¾	67¾
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	45⅝	46¼
Dec	46	....	....	45⅝	46¼
May	47¼	47⅜	....	47¼	47½
July	45⅝	....	....	45¼	45⅝
Clover Seed—					
Cash	9.17½	....	....	9.12½	9.12½
Dec	9.17½	....	....	9.12½	9.12½
Feb	9.30	....	....	9.27½	9.25
March	9.35	....	....	9.32½	9.30
April	....	....	....	9.20	9.15
Oil prime	....	....	....	9.05	....
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	77½	78
No. 3	....	....	....	73	75
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.85	1.85
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.15	8.15
Dec.	....	....	....	8.15	8.15
March	....	....	....	8.80	8.80

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec	1.14	1.14½	1.12½	1.13	1.12½
May	1.11½	1.12½	....	1.10⅝	1.11¼
July	.00⅝	1.01⅝	....	99⅛	1.00½
Corn—